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"THE FOES OF SOCIETY."

THE Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM on Sunday, the 12th inst., preached a timely, eloquent and philosophical discourse entitled the "Foes of Society." The following imperfect synopsis we take from *The Herald*:

After the usual preliminary services Mr. Frothingham approached his desk and read from the Scriptures, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones." The child, he said, was the beginning of a series of which the angel was the end. The child was a possibility, the angel a fulfilment. The child had all before him, the angel all within him. The child had no experience, the angel was all experience. The child was a bud, the angel a flower. The child was human, the angel was divine. Following up the strain of thought the preacher said that society included those who wore the beginning and the end—those who were first starting in life, and those who were just completing it. Society included the good, the bad, the just, the unjust, the kind and the cruel. What was desirable was a condition of society, not of hate, but of love, not of uncharitableness but of benevolence, not of vice but of righteousness. Prayer, the promptings of a true conscience, the kingdom of heaven, the life of Jesus were all good in proportion as they assisted us to the heritage of society. The arts, the intricate sciences, philanthropy and religion were only good as they assisted to work out and build up the principles underlying society. The belief in immortality was valuable as helping men to live well in society forms; there were no sins except sins against society. It was only when sinning against society that we sinned against God. What was society? Have we it now? No; it was a fine, subtle, profound organism, springing into delicate and intricate avenues, like the minute membranes of the body. There was no society now. Society signified a brotherhood, love, kindness, charity and justice: mutual good will, mutual purposes, mutual objects, mutual ends and mutual sacrifices. It was a dream, a fantasie, lying in the far, far distance. Now all was a chaos of conflicting interests, a battle of social forces. The great reformers in social science were just getting hold of the thread of society, and all were working for or against the bond. Certain classes there were who hindered society, who were its foes. He would divide the foes of society into two classes—the hot blooded foes and the cold blooded foes.

THE HOT BLOODED FOES.

These were sensualists, gluttons, drunkards all who wandered in pursuit of the pleasures of the body. Their name was legion. They belonged neither to the rich, to the poor, to the great, to the small, to the strong nor to the weak. They lived in public. They filled the streets, stood upon the street corners, drank, made merry and were known as the dangerous classes. Society was armed to put them down. The police were organized, the laws were enacted, the courts were in session, the judges sat upon the bench—all to restrain them. But the foes could not be put down, and any way they were not the deadliest enemies of society. They were not even a part of society. They were outlaws and excommunicate. They did not make the laws; they were the laws victims. They did not not punish; they were the punished. They did not sit on the bench; they stood at the bar. They were talkative, too open, frank and communicative, people having nothing to conceal, nothing to cover up. Seldom did one find pretence and hypocrisy among them. They lived happily while they lived. Worn out in tissue and membrane, they drifted sadly and silently into nameless graves. They were suicides. They had poisoned their own blood. In a certain way they were the best friends of society—they were a warning. But they were often the kindest people in the world, and their acts often overflowed with the milk of human kindness. They were genial, good, kind-hearted, and were often slain by their own kindness. He would take the wretched women whom society scorned, and he would point out among them a sweetness of disposition, a compassion and a feminine benignity unexampled. These creatures watched over their sick associates with tender care, suppressing every want and softening every sorrow. They were forgiving and loving; they took pains to rescue their children born in shame from a life of shame. But a short time since a woman who kept a notorious brothel in this city received a desperate and despairing girl at her door, prepared to make wreck of her virtue. With a keen sense of sympathy, the woman dissuaded her from her course, drove her to the depot in her own gilded carriage, paid her fare and sent her to a better home. Jesus had always spoken to these misguided women, not to reproach them, but with kindness and love. When one of the bad women of His time wept tears of contrition at His feet, when she had poured out the water of her soul to Him, only to ask knowledge and confess, He did not denounce her. Did He extenuate? "Go and sin no more," said He: for He knew there were foes of society more deadly than she.

COLD BLOODED FOES.

These were not creatures of appetite, but cool, wary, wily, cunning, cautious men, guided by motives, methods and designs, and their work was in Church and State, as professional men, as lawyers, clergymen and physicians. They were of the best reputation. They were very careful and prudent and counted their pence. Those above them they knew not, those below them they despised. When leaving their own order in society they hated it. Sometimes they were rich. Then they judged character, opinions and religion by money. There was but one class—the *élite.* Everything hinged on prosperity. Every law must defend property. They believed in the gallows, in violence, and in the committing of no offence against wealth. They called the saint a visionary, the philanthropist a sentimentalist. By such means they falsified society and spread snares into which the unwary fell. Sometimes the cold blooded foe was a politician. Sometimes the cold blooded foe was an editor. He proclaimed the virtue of his party, he extolled its wisdom and beneficent aims. Of his opponent he cried corruption, scoundrel, knave. He trifled with national interests. He was a purveyor of patriotism and a master of unscrupulous cunning.

EDITORS AND REPORTERS.

It was the editor's business to sell his paper. He must attract the multitude to it. He must create a sensation. He had his spies through society who dragged out the most sacred secrets and made them public. Reporters and interviewers waylaid gentlemen and reported their private conversation. They invaded parlors, were eavesdroppers and listened at keyholes. They questioned a man about his private affairs and tried to extort family secrets and sought by every ingenuity to make them betray themselves. If no information were given a torrent of vituperation was the result. If it was given and it didn't suit the editor it was altered for effect. Sometimes the editor was an adventurer who would pillory a friend in order to gain a rabble. Sometimes he was an atheist who pandered to the Catholics in order to crush a reformer. Sometimes he was a Catholic who would roast a clergyman in order to save an assassin from his doom or blast the reputation of a woman. All this was done to sell his paper. The true mission of the press was to vindicate truth, assist justice and protect virtue; but the press had a fatal weakness; it could not be noble, just or true. If it were true it would have ceased to betray sacred interests. As it was it had carried malignity to the perfection of an art. But the editor was not the worst foe. It was the Pharisee, the man of supreme piety, who believed he had been singled out for the choicest place in the kingdom of heaven. An instance occurred last week. A man had been associated with a midnight murder which years ago had startled the community. He was innocent. His whole conduct showed it. He (the speaker) had visited him in the Tombs. He was meek and mild in manner. Public opinion had pursued him, though he had been acquitted. The stigma clung to him. Years of public scorn, bitterness and contumely had followed him. He was a social outlaw. Oppressed by the prejudice, he had drifted into evil ways. Despair made him a cheater of the government; the State Prison became his home. He sickened and died, declaring his innocence in the sight of God. Over his body no prayer had been said, no funeral service solemnized. These facts he (the speaker) had learned from the papers; but, as he had expressed his utter disbelief in what they printed, he could hardly ask his auditors to believe them. (Laughter). He had watched the press to see what accusation they might make against that Pharisee who refused a service and a prayer over the body of the helpless dead. He found none. Were Jesus alive now he would have been hounded, dogged and vilified by the same sentiment. Something must be done for society. Men should be taught humanity and kindness.

OUR NATIONAL FUTURE.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BY REV. CLAY MCCAULEY, OF ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

NINETY-THREE years ago, a Congress of some of our ancestors determined to establish a popular government, in the colonies which are now part of the United States of America, in place of that of a distant King and Parliament. The determination was one of singular boldness. Had it been an appeal to the independent will of the people, as the law of this country for the future, it would not have succeeded. The tyranny of Great Britain was the impelling cause of the rebellion, but the love for a government "by the people, and for the people," was its abiding stimulus. A popular government which should have a new country in which to experiment, not trammeled by surrounding monarchies and aristocracies, which should try to solve the problem, whether or not a free people can rule itself and be prosperous, was the real object of the war. After years of struggle and martyrdom, the rebellion of 1776 became a revolution. A constitution for the "United States" was adopted and the Federal Union cemented, that "justice might be established among us, domestic tranquillity insured, the common defence provided for, the general welfare promoted, and the blessings of liberty secured to us and our posterity."

From that time until to-day, we have had a career of unparalleled progress. Our exaltation has been so rapid, that within a century we have risen from the place of despised provinces, to that of one of the honored Powers of the globe. Our territory has extended until, geographically, more than one-third of North America is under our jurisdiction, and practically, almost the whole of it. Our inventions control much of the manufacture and commerce of the world, and our education is diffusing our knowledge and language in all countries. Now we are about to open our territory to the world as a refuge and home. Fear counsels legislative limitation to color or race. Ignorance denies the inspiration of the framers of our charters of freedom, and calls this a "white man's government," or any other government than man's government. But the logic of the principles which gave us existence is irresistible, and we are about to accept our country as no more ours by right, than it is the home of the oppressed, from any nation under the sky. For a long time the letter of our laws has been against this liberty. Our ancestors thoughtlessly left us with difficult questions to answer, which became more and more difficult, until the Alexander of our war cut the knot and set us free. Now we are going onward, perplexed and blinded, in the midst of the many problems with which our freedom has been beset, but doubtless going onward to the establishment of a government in which all people who long for liberty can have a share. What the result will be, no one can tell. What is our duty, however, no one should question. The idea at work in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence is our rule, notwithstanding it is defamed as French deistic twaddle and puerile sentimentality; and we should assert this rule in such a way, that it shall appear in all the laws of our country which relate to citizenship.

The time has come for the establishment among us, of the Democracy of which so many lovers of mankind for ages have dreamed. The risk may be hazardous, but it is our duty to make it, and while we make it, to do all we can to secure success for it. Saxon, Norman, Briton and Celt already have given their minds in our country to the service of the land of liberty. The African and Indian are ranging themselves beside the European, and preparing to share what they should have shared from the beginning; the rights of helping to make our laws and enjoying their protection and culture. Now, also, the Mongolian is coming to our mountains, prairies and homes, through the golden gate of the West. Millions of Asiatics are preparing to make their way hither. The Fifteenth Amendment to the constitution of our country, which will soon be a law, will give them a partial welcome to our citizenship, so that Europe, America, Africa and Asia will then work here, in liberty, and, I trust, for liberty. With the united efforts of these races, the mutual interchange of thoughts and acts, there will be a stimulus to commerce, invention, agriculture and education, and there will be an increase of wealth such as has never been witnessed on the earth. The rivers will teem with vessels, railroads become more and more numerous, the wide areas of the South yield their treasures of grains and fabrics, the mines of the West give up their gold and silver for exchange; the prairies their coal, corn and cattle; communities will organize anew, and education become more and more extended, as our nervous Western science combines with the patient labor of the studious Chinaman. The church, also, will share in the general revolution. Tradition face to face with tradition will toil for supremacy, and both, I think, will perish in the contest, while religion, pure, universal, Christian, I trust, will rise to claim all the hearts as its own, and let the minds go free into whatever direction science may lead them.

In this great and inevitable change which will come to us, when we fully recognize the conclusion of our national argument as it is made in the Declaration of Independence, there must be something which shall secure the permanence of the new life, else the end of our work will be worse than the beginning. The excess of trade may work a rivalry of nationalities which will destroy all probity and true prosperity; the freedom of eligibility to office may end in a corruption a thousand fold worse than the rottenness we now witness in public places; popular equality may end in anarchy; free comparison of religion, in persecutions or infidelity. Even should none of these deplorable results come, the intelligence and wealth of the nation may decline into effeminacy, luxury, sensuality and death, as did the intelligence and wealth of other nations whose melancholy histories now are almost their only legacies to posterity.

It is purity only which secures the exaltation of a nation, be it a monarchy or democracy. It is righteousness only to which we can look as the safeguard of our national life, either in its present limited citizenship, or in its future universal citizenship. It is not the extension of a share in our constitution's privileges to any race, that is the danger to our prosperity. It is the unrighteous legislation and execution of the laws of our State, commerce and society. It is not democracy; it is corruption which degrades a State. It is not liberty; it is sin which is a reproach to any people. Imperial Rome was far more base and venal than the white man's United States, and it may well be doubted that Africa or China will bring us more evil than we already possess. It is more than likely their morality will help us.

While then we see that we are about accepting the conclusion to which our national logic forces us, by opening up our country as a home to all the world, and while we see the inevitable excess of prosperity which will come to the nation when that is done, let us be convinced that it is righteousness only which can secure the permanence of this exaltation.

We have just commemorated the birth of freedom. We are congratulating ourselves on its wonderful growth. But let us pledge ourselves to do all we can henceforth to assure a permanent righteousness to our liberty. Let us love our country as fervently as we love our homes. Let us consecrate our citizenship to national righteousness, as we devote our manhood to domestic purity. Let us cast about each new man who claims a part of the privileges of our nation, the protection of piety, charity and patriotism. With these three acts of national righteousness, we are sure of showing to humanity a government to whose increase there can be no end. They will exalt us to a prosperity from which we cannot be degraded.

Our politics are terribly corrupt. Our legislatures are largely composed of men whose aim is the possession of the public treasury and the bribes of the corporations, desiring legislative sanction to their schemes of rascality. Our suffrages sent these law-makers to our capitols. Our local political organizations are led by wire-pullers, who cause the public to yield obedience to all their manipulations. Railroad companies, manufacturing monopolies, banking gamblers, subsidize the brains of the press and the logic of the rostrum, and enrich themselves by the poverty of their victims.

Our commerce, also, is a danger to our prosperity. It is a source of great power and of wealth, but it is also a source of perilous ambition and luxury. Our traffic in produce of all kinds is governed by "Stock Boards" and "Chambers of Commerce." We are obliged to feel the rivalries of the gamblers, in the constant vacillations of the price lists, to which so much of our newspaper columns are given—daily. Trade is a fever in America. Washington Irving struck our popular sentiment exactly, when he spoke of the rule of the "Almighty Dollar" among us. A certain amount of money, or its representative, is hoarded up in our cities, not for the purpose of giving life to trade, but for the purpose for which money is laid on a faro table. Our commerce is going in a fatal direction. As the life of our nation is valued, it should be changed. Our country might live, were the mercantile gamblers shut up to a few warehouses or stock-boards, but as it is, their least action agitates the whole country. Their gaming table is, every acre of land, every crop, manufacture, highway of trade or travel of the nation. We cannot bear it very long. A financial crash will sometime break down trade and paralyze industry all over the country, unless the moral sense of the people in some way changes the direction commerce has taken.

And this is not all the danger of this morbid and lawless trade. Commerce has a most intimate relation with society. Its effects are felt through the whole social fabric. Society becomes pampered with wealth, fraudulently gained. It sinks into a luxury, which breeds sensuality, and that produces hollow-heartedness, thoughtlessness and vice. Families cease their cohesion. Parental authority loses all of its force. * * * Fifth Avenues are created. False standards of excellence are raised. Education becomes superficial. The moral senses are blunted. Religion degenerates into a form and then into a mockery. Magnificent palaces and temples are reared, but manhood and womanhood are not reared with them. It is our duty to do all we can to save commerce and society. The work of our ancestors in declaring their independence will be made useless, by the work of their posterity, fastening on themselves a commercial and social, slavery, unless we secure that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

Active piety, charity and patriotism are the duties every American should perform at this time. They are the righteousness which will exalt us. We cannot prevent the spread of our liberty. We cannot stay the progress of the inspiration of the founders of our country. We cannot now prevent our country from becoming the free home of every member of every race under the sky. The conclusion of our national logic must be accepted by declaring this country the refuge for "the oppressed of every clime." All peoples and tongues are offered a place in our law-making, and a shelter under our flag. The most we can do, therefore, is to purify so thoroughly the nationalities which are already here, and form our citizenship, and to offer those who are coming to us the example and precept of true righteousness. We cannot tell much about our future. At present we are in the midst of the embarrassments resulting from our war against negro slavery. Our national finances burden us; our Southern problems puzzle us; official corruption, commercial ambition and social falsity threaten us; our foreign complications are a source of anxiety. In the midst of these, the tremendous revolution, the greatest we have ever attempted, the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, a logical sequence, however, to our whole national life, is going on. What our future will be none can tell. Stimulated trade, science and art must come of course, but what is to appear after them no one can foretell. Of this only we are certain, that righteousness in everything we do, is the sole guarantee for our permanent prosperity.

I wish that the whole country might hear and obey this call to holiness. I wish that mind would throw off the bondage which demagogues and money are fastening on it, and be free and pure. Should the press assert its dignity and independence, and use its immense power aright; should the pulpit preach the proper kind of politics more by preaching pure religion instead of useless speculations; should our schools inculcate the virtues of honesty and patriotism, as well as the virtues of mathematics and the classics—we should have a manifestation of true righteousness in our country which would prevent all fear of degradation, and cause us to hail each Fourth of July as one more anniversary of a perpetual growth of our nation's freedom. Celebrate this Independence Day aright. Freedom has chosen this Western land as her own. Under her wider nurture we shall doubtless rule the earth. Shall we have a permanent rule? Freedom shall have "earth for her heritage," if we only take "God as her friend," and nothing can degrade her exaltation or dim her glory then. Let us then devote ourselves to our nation's purity. Let us aim at personal holiness and to develop the purity of all persons with whom we associate. Let us accept the universal liberty coming to our nation, and strive to make it righteous. Doing then all we can to save ourselves in holiness, let us look upward to the God of Nations for that perfect help which is our only reliable assurance of national success. Let us join in the beautiful prayer of Dr. Holmes:—

> "Lord of the Universe! shield and guide us,
> Trusting thee always through shadow and sun,
> Thou hast united us, who shall divide us—
> Keep us, O keep us, 'the Many in one.'"

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

Report of the Joint Delegation appointed by the Committees on the Indian Concern, of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, respectively, to visit the Indians under the care of Friends, in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska, Seventh and Eighth months, 1869.

To the Committee:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Your delegation, consisting of Benjamin Hallowell, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Franklin Haines, of New York Yearly Meeting, John H. Dudley and Joseph Powell, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, met in Omaha by previous arrangement, on the 16th of Seventh month, to enter upon the important duties which you entrusted to our care, and we are now about to endeavor to report our proceedings, the condition of the Indians at the Reservation under the care of our Friends, the needs of the Indians and their agents, and the incidents of Indian character and life which we witnessed, so as to place the subject before you as nearly as you would have seen it had you been present, as lies in our power.

The distance from Washington city to Omaha is about fifteen hundred miles, and nearly the same from Philadelphia and New York. After travelling to Western Indiana the country is all open prairie, many times not a tree to be seen in the whole landscape around, which would include a distance of from six to ten miles—the timber existing only along water courses.

The prairies are very fertile, producing large crops when cultivated, and where unbroken, yielding prairie grass in abundance, and wild flowers in the greatest profusion and variety, and of the most beautiful and delicate colors—frequently reminding us, on witnessing these bright, delicate structures expanding their petals to the warm sunshine on a lonely prairie, where not a single human habitation was to be seen, of Gray's beautiful and applicable lines:

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

On arriving safely at Omaha at the time fixed upon before leaving home, and receiving a cordial welcome from Samuel M. Janney, the superintendent, our hearts were tendered in thankfulness to our Heavenly Father, for our preservation during this long and arduous journey, rendered particularly dangerous at this time by the unusual amount of rain which had recently fallen, causing many accidents and detentions on the railroads in that vicinity.

An exposition of the reasons for the President having selected members of the Society of Friends for Indian Superintendents and Agents, which had been published in the Baltimore *American*, it was thought best to have published in the Omaha daily papers, which was done.

A meeting for public worship was held on the afternoon of First-day, the 18th, for the citizens of Omaha, which was solemn and impressive, giving evidence of being favored with the presence of the Great Head of the Church.

On the 19th we went out to Columbus, Nebraska, on the Union Pacific Railroad, ninety-two miles, where Jacob M. Troth, agent of the Pawnees, met us to take us to the Pawnee Agency, twenty-three miles further, by private conveyance. We were gratified to find at this agency a brick building one hundred and twelve feet long by forty-six wide, for an industrial school, with basement, in which are located the kitchen, dining room, store room, laundry, etc., etc., quite reminding us of Westtown. Jacob M. Troth and family, and also Samuel B. Walton and family, were residing at the institution, temporarily, to give attention to the concern while the teachers take their vacation, there being some sixty Indian children in the establishment at present, learning to work.

The building is considerably out of order, but with the necessary repairs being made, as no doubt they soon will be, it will prove, in our judgment, a most efficient aid in the civilization and enlightenment of these people; and the delegation were united in judgment, which their subsequent experience on the different Reservations fully confirmed, that this is the proper kind of school for the Indians, where, besides being taught the useful branches of school learning, they will be instructed in the different operations of farming, carpenter work, black-smithing, attending a saw mill, and a grain mill, etc., etc.; and the girls, the various duties in household economy—including the use of the sewing machine—all under the care of suitable, judicious instructors, with hearts alive to the interests and elevation of the greatly depressed Red Race—and that a sufficient number of such schools should be established on every reservation, to accommodate all the children of sufficient age to attend them.

Many Indians came to see us, and they expressed themselves "much gratified to see so many grandfathers with us." They were all hungry, and made us understand directly that they wanted something to eat. One Indian made us understand that he wanted a shirt and *clean* blanket, which was evidently the case. Poor things! we did pity them with our whole hearts, and felt determined to *try* to remedy this condition of things. They have a most fertile reservation, thirty miles long and fifteen wide, containing two hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres, to a population of two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one to which they have now dwindled; or over one hundred acres for every man, woman and child; and it can and must be made to afford them plenty to eat and wear, and provide them with comfortable homes. They are a noble looking people, but they cannot continue to exist in their present condition. They are fast dwindling away! In 1830, when Oliver Ellsworth made treaty with the Pawnees, there were twelve thousand; in 1847, six thousand! Now, in 1869, there are only two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one!! The present location of the Pawnees includes the land formerly occupied and considerably improved by the Mormons, previous to their going to Salt Lake, whither they went from this place. The Indians would not use the Mormon buildings, but gladly continued the cultivation of the land they had broken up with their strong teams. The squaws have a field of seventeen hundred acres of corn, in contiguous patches, cultivated by them entirely, with hoes, their hands, and a kind of scoop-tool made out of buffalo horn. It is of a kind called squaw corn or Pawnee corn, with a dark bluish grain. The corn was perfectly clean, scarcely a weed or spear of grass to be seen anywhere, with eight to ten stalks in a hill, which is really what its name implies, being a pile of earth some six to ten inches high around the stalks, and eighteen inches in diameter. The growth of the corn was most vigorous, the ground being very rich. It is said they raise eighty to one hundred bushels to the acre.

From the corn field we went to the top of the north bluff border of the valley, and had a fine and extended view of the prairie, the beautiful valley some ten miles wide below us, with the winding "Loup," like a silver ribbon, extending east and west as far as the eye could reach, and the South Platte visible, lying in the sunshine in the remotest distance; the shadows of clouds floating over the wide valley, the fields of wheat and corn dotted over the landscape, giving different shades like Mosaic work; hundreds of Indian ponies grazing on the slopes, and after a while some dozen Indians mounting an equal number of ponies, gave us the finest specimen of a horse race (not so regarded by them, but as only a *ride*) we had ever witnessed. It was as if they said, "best fellow beats," and started off to test it. It was very inspiriting, and we were pleased to see them have so much apparent enjoyment. The Indians select the most elevated ranges for their rides, and, as seen moving along the horizon in relief on the evening sky, an Indian at full speed on his little pony, with its head and nose stretched out, the Indian leaning forward till his head is nearly over that of the pony, both seeming to be striving to get on faster by these means, the Indian's blanket streaming in the air far behind, and the pony's long tail streaming after it, leaves an impression on the beholder not soon to be erased. But, poor things, hungry and destitute as they are, we did sincerely wish they could be employed in a way which would produce a supply to their needs. After tea we rode over to the two Indian villages, in which all the members of the four bands of the Pawnees reside, except about two hundred warriors, who are now out in the army on duty under the general Government. The villages are about a mile and a half from the school and agency, and about a mile apart, on a high, dry piece of land. We never saw, nor could have imagined, such a sight as these villages presented. The Indians all flocked out of their lodges to see us, some dressed in blankets, bright, blue and red, some in buffalo skins, and the children, who are very numerous, in "nature's broad cloth," all the males under twelve years old having nothing whatever on. As we were going, we met the head chief, "Big Eagle," of the Loup band, who occupy one village, and his "Queen," with his bright tomahawk, fine blanket, and other accoutrements indicative of his dignity, and they got in our wagon and rode back to the village with us. He took us to their "lodge" and introduced us to his four wives, all sisters, his queen being the eldest.

We will endeavor to describe an Indian "mud lodge." A lodge is to contain from five to ten families, or from twenty-five to fifty persons, sometimes we were told even a greater number. It is, in general appearance, like a magnified "heap of buried potatoes," and is made by placing poles some twenty-five feet long, with the lower ends in a circle, some fifty feet in diameter, and the tops coming near together, say leaving an opening three or four feet in diameter at the vertex, and all kept in place by *wattling* with small branches of trees; this wattling extending down to near the ground. Upon these poles is thrown some prairie grass, and then a thick coating of earth. The "door-way" consists of an avenue or hall, some six feet high, and the same width, and the one we measured extended twenty-four feet from the great area within. A fire is kept constantly burning in the centre of the lodge, where a depression of about one foot in depth and four feet in diameter is made in the earth floor, and the smoke rises through the opening at the top, except what gets flared out into the apartment, which sometimes seemed a goodly proportion. All around the circular inside area, adjacent to the poles, are sleeping places, like the berths in the side of a vessel, wide enough to hold two to four or five persons side by side, and from ten to twenty such berths in a lodge. In front of each berth is a kind of bench, used as a "stow-away" place for blankets, skins and extra clothing of the family occupying the berth, and under this bench the remainder of the family's goods seemed to be put away. The inside of one of these lodges was an object of no ordinary interest and curiosity. The long inclined poles, constituting the original frame work, affording places for suspending and securing tomahawks, pipes, bears claws, elks horns, wolfs ears, and every imaginable acquisition of Indian value, and we much wished we could bring a photograph of it for our friends at home.

The centre area around the fire is thus left entirely clear. No light or air is admitted into the lodge, except from the distant doorway, and the opening at the top of the lodge through which the smoke passes. Blankets and skins are sometimes laid on the earth floor around the fire, to sit or recline on. One of these lodges, as before remarked, accommodates from twenty-five to fifty people—from five to ten families—often, perhaps generally, those of relatives—as a grandfather, his children and grandchildren. A vessel remains continually suspended over the fire in which are cooked provisions for the family, as beef, pork, potatoes, beans, hominy, etc. The bread is made up in wooden trays manufactured by the Indians, and placed in a thinish cake on a smooth board. A *hot* stone, several of which are continually in and around the fire, is then pulled out a convenient distance, and the board containing the bread is leaned against it, and the bread thus exposed to the fire to bake.

The Indians regard it unnatural that a *whole family should be hungry at once;* they cannot understand it, and they never set a table, as is customary with the whites, but each one when hungry helps himself or herself from "the pot and board."

All the lodges at the Pawnee Reservation, are constructed upon the same general plan, and they are externally in no way different in appearance. They are quite close together—indeed crowded. Then these Indians have about one thousand ponies, which graze on the prairie in the day time when not in use, but at night, for fear the Sioux will steal them, they are all put in corrals, built of upright sticks twelve to fifteen feet high, wattled together, one corral belonging to each lodge, and close to it as part of the establishment, and the manure piled up, or thrown out anywhere. This, with the black mud, green water pools, and general filth, without a particle of grass, or *anything* upon which the eye could rest with pleasure, presented such a picture as caused our hearts to ache for our poor red brethren and sisters! The condition of things was rendered worse than usual at the time of our visit, from the almost unprecedented amount of rain which had fallen this season. And they still remain in this condition, after the thousands and thousands of dollars expended by Government for their improvement, and with the two hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres of rich land, of the very best quality which they own!! There can and must be an improvement in their condition. They are capable and desirous of receiving it, the Government is willing to make it, and those will certainly be found who are ready to enter upon the interesting engagement of endeavoring to elevate and improve them.

Besides the lodges above described, are their "skin lodges," used when on a hunt or the war-path, adapted for several families together; the "Tepee," which is a lodge for a single family, and their "summer tent" of canvass, much like that used by soldiers in camp.

On some of the reservations they substitute bark of the elm or cotton wood tree, for the poles and earth roof, but the internal arrangement of the lodge is entirely similar to that of the mud lodges. We found more neatness and comfort, too, on all the other reservations than on that of the Pawnees, and many of the Indians living in frame or log houses, scattered over their reservations.

In front, or sometimes inside of their village lodge, is a "cache," or an opening dug into the ground, jug shaped, large enough at its mouth for a man to enter, and then a large excavation made below, with a cover of sod prepared to fit nicely, so that no one would be able to see where it is. In this place they stow away any extra food, blankets, buffalo skins, etc., etc., they may have, to be used when needed.

The evening was beautiful, and hundreds of Indians, with their bright red blankets, could be seen wandering or riding over the broad prairie in all directions, giving a life and picturesqueness to the scene, and awakening much thought, which *would* be tinctured with sadness! What is to be the result? *How can we get hold of them*, so as to give beneficial direction to their wanderings, and present some attractive and elevated object before them to aspire after?

THE KU-KLUX IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A METHODIST MINISTER AND TEACHER ASSAULTED, BEATEN, AND ABUSED.

THE following painful picture of a Ku-Klux outrage, perpetrated on the night of the 26th ult., in a North Carolina village, has been handed to the *Philadelphia Bulletin* by the Secretary of the Friends' Freedmen's Relief Association. The witness and writer, who is the victim himself, is principal of a colored Normal School at Company Shops, N. C., whence his letter, written to one of the Superintendents of the Association, is addressed. He is a gentleman of education and ardent piety, and was formerly teacher of a Grammar School in Philadelphia.

COMPANY SHOPS, N. C., Nov. 28th, 1869.

My Dear Friend:—* * I will give you a plain account of the terrible affair, to correct the exaggerated reports that may reach your ear. I have received injuries in body and mind from which I shall never entirely recover. On the evening o the 26th inst. the colored converts sent for me to preach for them, as their minister was absent. After making a few brief appeals to them, during which there was some disturbance from masked men outside, I returned home, accompanied by two of my pupils. We retired. At midnight we were aroused by a beating against the back door of our house. Soon we heard the low hum of voices in the adjoining room. As soon as I left my bed four men, disguised in satanic garb, seized me by my feet and arms and hurried me away in double quick time, regardless of my comfort, until I explained to them that my diseased knee would not bear such usage, and pleaded with them to favor it. When they could not silence my irrepressible screams by striking me on the head with a pistol, and threatening to blow out my brains, one of the band relented, and offered to carry me upon his shoulders. He pretended to be a "black nigger," and hence arose his sympathy for me, but he soon wearied, and others took their turn, who refused to carry me, and tried to make me walk, but I could not without my crutches. Then they seized me by the feet and head again and hurried me on. I asked them what harm I had done them. They answered: "Teaching niggers, and making them equal to white folks." They brought other charges against me, which I told them were not true. They said that I must leave the State within ten days. When I started I had on only my shirt and drawers, which were soon torn from my body by the tops of the bushes through which they bore me. They seated me on the ground and gave me about thirty lashes, judging from my appearance the next day, for I fainted during the operation. They used a raw hide and several green hickory sticks. I remember being aroused by a kick in my side, and was asked to rise, but I could not. They lifted me up and cut the hair from one side of my head, and painted half of my head and face black. When they started off from the thicket where I lay, I asked them the direction of a house. One of them kindly showed me the road, to which I crept, but did not know which way to move to the nearest house; but by the stars I knew the direction of the shops, and soon heard the voice of my ever faithful wife, alone, calling for me. She arose from the bed at the same moment I did and attempted to tear the mask from the fifth one of the band, and succeeded in getting part of it, and then ran from the room, half-dressed, and aroused the whole village. Bands of white men and negroes were soon scouring the woods for me. This caused my persecutors to be in great haste to carry me further than they intended to at first. Many were panic-stricken and would not aid in the pursuit.

I was exposed three hours to night air without clothing, and hopped 1 1-2 miles with the aid of a stick to meet my wife with my crutches. A mile further brought us home. Several times I paused from exhaustion. A colored man hastened to bring me my clothes, and offered to bear me in his arms. * * * The Ku-Klux hate a man in proportion as he works for the elevation of the negro. Perhaps they were allowed to scourge me,

that I might realize how much the poor colored men suffered during the last two centuries. Many white men have sympathized with me, but colored men knew how to dress my wounds after my wife had fainted in the endeavor, and could tell of more severe whippings they had received from drunken masters, whom they still loved. A Conservative member of the Legislature, now in session, closed up the severest gashes, and spoke decidedly against the outrage. The news of my capture flew with the speed of the moving train to Raleigh, and it is reported that soldiers are to be sent, but not at my request. The citizens, white and black, promise me protection after the ten days allotted me by the King of the Ku-Klux. I shall not be able to go for two weeks at least. Farewell.

ALONZO B. CORLISS.

P. S.—It is with superhuman effort that at intervals I have been able to pen you these few lines, which I intended to dictate to another. I cannot move a joint, tendon, or muscle in my body without extreme pain. I send this faint description of the reality to you as a personal friend from a sense of duty, not from any good that will accrue to myself—with many fears that it never will reach you, as I am closely watched. You can make such use of it as in your judgment you think best. If you think it will deter others from this noble work it may be best to suppress the worst features of it. If it can be used to break the power of this terrible "Klan," you may use it for that. If it will cause other teachers to protect themselves from like assaults, you can circulate these facts among them.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SANTA CRUZ, November 30th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IN spite of our much vaunted climate, the wheat crops, and even the *Overland Monthly*, it takes a long, long time for an adopted Californian to become acclimated. We suffer—not like the Englishman in New York, from "same-sickness" produced by the dreary monotony of the always repeated characterless blocks of houses, but from what may be called non-cohesion. We are from the extreme West, the south-west—England, Ireland, France, Australia. We have torn up the roots that fastened us to the old homes, the old associations, and cautiously, slowly, put down slender fibres into the new soil. Hence, in full possession of the wheat, grapes and *Overland* we are conscious of faintness, almost starvation at times. Only the children are in a healthy condition, and happy, those who have lived in one place long enough to call it "home." This want of union is deplored equally by your ignorant Catholic domestic, who says the priest can awaken no interest in the matter of repairing the church, and by the more enlightened who find the effort to establish a public library entirely up-hill work. Cliques are numerous, and friendships few. No one is to blame, but the situation. Time will surely by attrition and accumulation mould us into a homogeneous whole at last. Our one prayer just now is for first class lecturers. Will the railroad bring them? Sitting by my own hearth, with the reliable oak wood blazing (not snapping) at my feet, I read the beloved STANDARD, companion of twenty five years; read therein accounts of Radical Clubs in Boston, and Women's Parliaments in New York; of Social Science Conventions, and Freedmen's schools and sigh to think that our isolated position and our unassimilated population forbid our participating in similar activities.

Yesterday though, sitting in the bay window which the children had surrounded with pots of ferns, I saw a pretty sight that filled me with content. On the croquet ground two of my girls, twelve and fourteen years old, with their constant companion, M——, a pure blonde, were busy and excited with the game, and playing with them, happy and full of excitement as any, were two boys, one a pleasant, intelligent colored lad, who comes to say his lessons here, (being excluded by law from the public schools, and by prejudice from the private ones, though a general favorite with all) and the other, a little Celestial, a child of eleven, amiable looking, not remarkably mooneyed, who at the moment was dancing with ecstacy to find that having once had the game explained to him, he could beat all the others by his clever use of the mallet. The girls sympathizing with Jin's success called my attention to it. "But, mother," said G——, "Jin never seems to take his eye off little —— (his charge) he always takes the best care of her." Jin affects one wonderfully like any other child of his age, motherless, in a strange land. He is wronging no other, and more Christian laborer than himself, by receiving ten dollars and his board per month for doing general housework, in which he is both expert and faithful. Thousands of California women are to-day broken down in health because they could not afford to pay in the years gone by $40 or $35 per month for help, and could not now afford $25 or even $20 while they can, fortunately, afford $10 or $15 for the fair amount of assistance they can secure now through these Chinese boys. The Irish themselves employ them whenever it suits their convenience, and certainly so far as domestic service is concerned, it is not degraded through them. People who like ourselves have been faithfully served by the most cleanly and capable of cooks and laundry men, are apt to prefer their self-respect, to the disingenuousness of the Irish, who, if they are Catholic, feel as far removed from any real relationship with you, as the foreign race. The fact of thus admitting the Chinese into the very centre of our domestic economy, forestalls all need of missionaries to China. They go home with a realizing sense of the true position of women. They have learned by experience to respect them and to distrust the wisdom of their own social regulations. Fourteen years ago Mr. H——, who owned a large ranche near St. Joseph's Mission, employed a Chinaman as cook. This man who declared he was a Mandaran in his own country, positively refused ever to place a chair at table for Mrs. H——. He would place them for Mr. H——, or any member of the male sex, but could not stoop so low as to do this for the inferior sex. Observing Mrs. H—— one day as she was posting her husband's books, he gave her a piece of his mind, "No good, no good, she leadee,—litee,—plittee soon lickee all zee men." ["If women read, write, pretty soon they will master the men."]

How different now when they go eagerly to Sunday schools to be taught by women, and they are not ungrateful. A most admirable Methodist lady has instituted one of these schools in Santa Cruz. It is kept in the Congregational Church, as the Methodist pastor was not quite up to the thing. It is to this school that little Jin goes, and he is extremely proud of his learning, especially of the songs he sings, as:

"There is a happy land,
Fol, fol, away."*

On being asked by a visitor where that land was, a scholar responded promptly "China." As none of the teachers understand Chinese there must be much time wasted. The pupils, however, are bent on arriving at a knowledge of our language, and make slight account of this difficulty. When once the alphabet is mastered, you shall spell for them every dipper and spoon in the house. If we could only get at their version of our orthodox creed! It might be edifying.

You are aware that it is a rare thing to find a Chinaman who cannot both read and write his own language. This gives them a certain power and independence. If they were taken to the South they could not be treated as the more docile race. They would have wages or leave. They look the employer full in the face and demand *their rights.* It is not easy to cheat them. At the Chincha Island, they might be reduced to slavery and suicide, but in sight of railroad or stage-coach, they would never yield to such a fate. Intellectual, orderly, and with self-esteem, it has been suggested that intermarriage with the less intellectual, but more affectionate, and more religious negro of the Southern States would result in good.

GEORGIANA B. KIRBY.

*The Chinese have no sound corresponding to, R, which is always uttered like L.

National Anti-Slavery Standard

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE Managers of the Thirty-Sixth Anti-Slavery Festival again remind the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society of the need there is that they should still contribute to sustain its operations, and especially to circulate its organ, THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

The experience of the last year eloquently justifies the policy of continuing its efforts to teach and mould public opinion.

Congress has submitted to the States a XVth Amendment, which will place the negro safe, so far as law can, politically on the level with other races. Twenty-two States have ratified it. There is a fair prospect that, with proper efforts, the other six States needed to incorporate it into the Constitution may be obtained. Till that be done we keep watch and guard.

The protection of the emancipated race, which the Executive, and Congress and the Freedmen's Bureau seem equally to have neglected, is another object of vital importance. The reports from the rebel States are heartrending. Facts, gathered not from private report but from official documents, show that ruthless anarchy prevails throughout one-half the South. It is not hard judgment to say that the Government shows no disposition to grapple with this grave difficulty. Public attention needs still to be directed toward this shameful and guilty neglect.

The different plans for securing land to these defenceless victims, need discussion. Without this foundation mere political rights are empty words.

We again urgently beg the means to keep our counsel, our rebuke and our admonition before the public.

The usual Festival will be held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening of Wednesday, January 26th, where all the friends of the Cause are cordially invited to meet, and where Donations will be, as usual, received at the different tables.

Subscriptions may also be sent either to THE STANDARD office, 39 Nassau street, New York, to R. P. HALLOWELL, 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the subscribers.

[Names of the managers will be printed in our next issue].

CONGRESS—A GOOD BEGINNING.

CONGRESS has made an auspicious beginning in the unfinished work of reconstruction. It promptly sets aside the rebel mob hitherto calling itself the Legislature of Georgia, and provides for the reassembling of the legitimate body, including the expelled colored members. Had this step been taken immediately after the revolutionary proceedings of the Georgia Rebels, in unseating the regularly elected members on account of color, as we then urged, many precious lives might have been saved, loyalty would have been strengthened, and the material prosperity of the State would have been greatly promoted. The example of unchecked insubordination on the part of Georgia has done much to add to the burdens and sufferings of loyalists, colored and white, in other States. We congratulate especially our colored constituents of Georgia that some measure of fair play is likely at last to be vouchsafed to them. The ordeal of the past year has been to them of the severest kind. It has been at the constant peril of outrage and assassination that they could remain at all within the borders of the State. We presume that the legitimate Legislature will be speedily summoned in session, that the Fifteenth Amendment will be at once ratified, and important legislation for the protection, and for the promotion of the industrial and educational interests of the people will be consummated at the earliest possible period.

We are greatly gratified also that, forewarned by the ominous example of Georgia, Congress decides to "make haste slowly" in the matter of admitting Virginia to Congressional representation. The election of Virginia, it is notorious, was carried by rebels, in the name and guise of "conservatism," with the aid of the erratic editor of *The Tribune*, by systematic intimidation, violence and fraud. The landless colored people were deprived of employment, and threatened with extermination if they presumed to vote for other than the rebel candidates. Voting by them was in many cases impossible, and in others but a mockery of political freedom. It becomes Congress to pause before prematurely admitting any other Southern State only to have to do over again, as in Georgia, what was not well done at the outset. We trust that Congress, pledged to guarantee to the loyal people of Virginia a Republican form of government, will see to it before Senators and Representatives are admitted to seats from that State, that a new election is held, with adequate protection to loyal voters, or that the test-oath be so applied as to exclude rebels from the Legislature. That body, permitted by the lax ruling of the Attorney General, and of the President, to assemble and organize, unpurged, for the ratification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Constitutional Amendments, transcended its specific function, and proceeded to other unauthorized business, including the election of United States Senators. Even the ratification of those amendments by such a body was little better then a trick and a farce, which the rebels themselves, once admitted to full Congressional representation, would be swift to plead, and proceed to render them inoperative.

Something must be done to provide for the execution of wholesome laws in the South. The "Conservatives" of Georgia, Virginia, Tennessee and elsewhere, have already given abundant proof, if proof were needed, that they cannot now be trusted, any more than when they were slaveholders before the war. Senators and Representatives from Tennessee in Congress, memorialize Congress to interpose for the relief of loyal citizens of Tennessee against the recent or pending revolutionary proceedings in that State, and for the maintenance of a republican form of government therein. The need of Congressional interference for their relief we have the amplest assurance is most urgent. It is becoming daily more and more apparent that the *adoption and ratification only* of Constitutional Amendments to guarantee equal civil and political rights to the colored people of the South, will be of little practical value unless supplemented by ADEQUATE PROVISION FOR THEIR RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT. To this view of the case Congress must now address itself. Wherever the loyal people are in a minority and powerless for their own protection, the duty will then devolve upon Congress. The amendments themselves, if the original text of the Constitution did not, give ample scope of authority for such interference as may be necessary for the vindication of equal civil and political rights among the citizens.

This is one of the good results of the war, the full bearing of which we have scarcely yet begun to realize. The national government is hereafter to be much more of a real, tangible government in the States, than it has hitherto been. Whatever may have been the theories of State independence in the past, they will henceforth of necessity be abandoned for the doctrine of centralization, and a more absolute national authority. The masses of Southern whites are to-day aliens in spirit, more inimical to Republican government than the bulk of foreign emigrants who seek homes within our national domain. *They* will not enforce and carry out in good faith the national pledge of equal civil rights, and impartial suffrage irrespective of race or color. CONGRESS MAY AND MUST DO IT.

"WHITED SEPULCHRES."

ANNA E. DICKINSON delivered her lecture, "Whited Sepulchres," for the first time in this city, before a very large audience, in Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening last. The lecture is one of the most effective protests to which we have ever listened, against the present dwarfing and demoralizing inequality in the relations of men and women—in and out of marriage, within, and beyond the domain of Mormonism. Graphically descriptive, it brings the surface, and sad interior life among the Mormons vividly to the view of the bearer—a picture in which the dark and disagreeable shading largely predominates. Using Mormonism rather by way of illustration, than as the main subject of her lecture, Miss Dickinson shows with telling effect, the inevitable social degradation which attends the unjust subordination of women to men. The full fruition of the subjection theories of Drs. Todd and Bushnell, it was claimed, may be seen both in life among the Mormons, and in the crimes of the assassin who claims in the woman he abuses and outrages, but calls his wife, his sole possession and property to deal with as he pleases. In its interpretation of true womanhood —and of manhood as well—its plea for a better recognition of the sacredness of maternity, for justice and equality in the home life, in society, and before the law, the lecture is highly creditable to the head and heart of its author. Like her stirring plea against Caste in her "Breakers Ahead," this lecture reveals an earnest, noble purpose, and is eloquent not alone or chiefly in voice and manner, but because of the true womanhood which prompts to the utterance. We have never listened to Miss Dickinson with greater satisfaction. There was no occasion here for the criticisms which her lecture called forth in Boston and Philadelphia, as printed in our correspondence. Very few are there among American orators whose lectures at all compare with Miss Dickinson's as given on Tuesday evening, in eloquence of voice, graceful simplicity of manner, and force of illustration and argument. We hope it may be extensively heard, and its important lesson be everywhere heeded, to the end that "Whited Sepulchres" shall be known no more forever.

THAT there is great need of reconstruction in Georgia, such as we have urged upon Congress, is illustrated by the following which we take from the *Springfield Republican*:

ANOTHER STORY FROM GEORGIA.

The following extract from a private letter, written by a young lady from the North, who has been two years a resident of Atlanta, gives an entirely different account of affairs in Georgia from that in the letter that we published Saturday, and we have no doubt it is a more correct one, as the writer is in a position to be fully informed, and is entirely reliable:

"You doubtless read of the condition of things in Georgia. It is truly fearful. While theorists are advising the freedmen to keep out of cities, get homes for themselves in the country, cultivate the land, etc., (excellent advice if possible to follow), the Ku-Klux-Klan are killing them, whole families at a time. Refugees are constantly arriving. Teachers are also driven away. We are under military protection here, though the colored people are shot down by the whites without provocation even in Atlanta. I'm glad to see that the President mentions Georgia in his message. Gen. Terry recommends a military government. The worst accounts you see in Northern papers are mild. Things have been growing worse instead of better. The rebels are evidently not sufficiently thrashed. The hope for this part of the country lies in the Christianization of the freed people. 'God speed the right.'"

The Woman's Advocate (WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, 39 Nassau street, New York, editor and proprietor,) enters upon its third volume with the January number. This excellent journal, devoted to the cause of Woman's Rights, has, we are glad to learn, won during the year a goodly number of subscribers, embracing many of the best representatives of the Woman's Rights movement, men and women in this country, and to some extent in Europe. A very interesting story, with a Woman's Rights lesson, entitled "The Market Woman," from the pen of Antoinette Brown Blackwell, which began in the September number, will run through the third volume. Other able contributors will lend interest and increased value to *The Advocate*. Copies of Vol. I. have been neatly and substantially bound, making a handsome and valuable book of 332 pages, including articles from Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Lucy Stone, Nora Perry, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Col. R. J. Hinton, Caroline H. Dall, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, S. C. Blackwell, Kate Field, Rev. S. J. May, W. J. Linton, H. B. Blackwell, Giles B. Stebbins, Charles K. Whipple, Frederick Douglass, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, and others. The bound volume is announced at the very low price of $1.00. To any one reviewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and remitting for a new subscriber ($6), or remitting for two new subscribers ($6) we shall be happy to send, post-paid, a copy of Vol. I, (bound volume) of *The Woman's Advocate*. We also continue to receive subscriptions for THE STANDARD and *The Woman's Advocate*, at club rates, the two for $3.50 a year.

THE appointment of the Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON to a vacancy upon the bench of the Supreme Court is one which will command the hearty approval and confidence of the loyal people of the nation. Remarkably efficient and vigilant in the critical period of his great trust as War Secretary, his appointment will afford an added sense of security in the somewhat threatening future when the Supreme Court may become the important theatre of the "irrepressible conflict" not yet ended.

WE are again so crowded for space that we are obliged to defer letters and selections, for which we shall hope to find room hereafter.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE STANDARD.

WE are glad to see that THE STANDARD is to be continued, the same in spirit, though the dear old name (first suggested by that true friend of the cause, Ellis Gray Loring) may be changed for one indicative of an enlarged sphere of action. For the good of the country, a man like Wendell Phillips ought to have an organ under his own control, wherein his convictions can be at all times freely and entirely expressed. This he could not be sure of doing as the correspondent of any other paper, not even the most outspoken and independent; for, in the course of the chances and changes of politics, rebukes and warnings will be often needed, which will not be uttered by any man who fights inside of any party lines. Mr. Phillips watches public affairs as a moral censor, without any personal or party interest at stake. Such service is greatly needed and very rarely obtained in this Republic, where nearly all men of ability are drawn into the political vortex, and in times of excitement are prone to sell, or give up, more or less of their freedom, in order to advance the interests of a party.

It may be said that a man who fights on his own hook can accomplish but little; but it is not so, even with a man of common abilities, if he utters without fear or favor what he conscientiously believes to be vital truths. And when a man of remarkable natural endowments and high culture devotes himself to such service, his influence is immeasurable. Mr. Phillips has always been unpopular, as a bold, impartial censor must necessarily be; his adherents, though earnest and devoted, have always been few; yet he has become a mighty power in the land. The tricky, the time-serving, and the wavering know that his eye is upon them, and that he will never fail to proclaim their misdemeanors and shortcomings, in words of such scorching eloquence that they cannot but burn their way into the public mind. He cannot be bought by offices, for he asks for none; and he cannot be silenced with baskets of champagne, or boxes of cigars, for he drinks cold water and keeps his mouth clean of the filthy weed. The only way to escape his criticism is to fulfil their duties to the public in such a manner that they have no reason to fear his searching investigations, his fearless fidelity to principles of justice and freedom, and his powerful eloquence, which never fails to command attention, even from those who like him least. How much politicians need a censorship, untrameled by party, no one can doubt who has observed the continual proclivity of political parties toward corruption.

The passage of the Fifteenth Amendment will give a legal finish to the Anti-Slavery work; but if the soldiers of Freedom disband and lay aside their uniform, they should be careful to turn their telescopes very frequently toward the country of the old enemy, to see and proclaim what is going on there. In some States, the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment may be merely a wily trick of the old slaveholding oligarchy, who have always shown themselves cunning in keeping the word of promise to the ear, while they had the premeditated intention of breaking it to the hope. Some of the Southern States, especially Virginia and Texas, manifest as rancorous hatred toward the doctrine of "equality before the law," as they ever did. Force and Fraud have always been the F. F.'s of the plantation; and thus they will continue to be till "plantation manners" have become obsolete. "The Ethiopian cannot change his skin," and the leopard cannot change his teeth and his claws; and he has so long been accustomed to fasten teeth and claws upon the prostrate Ethiopian, that it will take years to overcome the habit. The Fifteenth Amendment may be nominally ratified, as a mere stroke of policy, and yet be so evaded, by some contrivance, that the colored population will in reality have no civil rights allowed them. No trick of this sort would be surprising on the part of Virginians. They have formed a Legislature in open defiance of the laws of the United States, and they now manifest their gratitude for having done it with impunity by paying Gen. Grant the doubtful compliment of praising his administration. But though they have scornfully trodden under foot the law requiring that no man shall be elected to office till he has taken the test-oath of loyalty to the Union; though they always have manifested, and still continue to manifest unmitigated hatred of the test-oath; yet it would be very much in keeping with their former doings if they should accept the Fifteenth Amendment as the necessary means of getting back into the Union, and having accomplished their object, should then say: "The Legislature which ratified that Amendment was composed of members who had not taken the test-oath, and who could not have taken it without perjury; therefore, it was an unconstitutional Legislature, and all its doings are consequently null and void."

The experience of many years shows the necessity of distrusting the professions of Southerners, and of watching their policy very closely; not because they are worse than other men would be under similar circumstances, but simply because the effects of a system so despotic and so false as Slavery cannot be wiped away by legal enactments from the souls of a generation that have grown up under its malign influence.

D. L. CHILD,
and
L. MARIA CHILD.

AFFAIRS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., December 5th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

YOUR incessant demands upon Congress for further protection of the colored people of the South are timely and just. North Carolina has always been looked upon as one of the best reconstructed States, but if further protection is not given to our colored people and the white loyalists, our rights of citizenship will be a mere sham. We are drifting into the same horrible state of affairs which exist in Georgia, and other Southern States. A few years since three respectable and somewhat wealthy young men came from Central New York to settle in the eastern section of this State; they knew that if they had made known their political sentiments they would have been hated by the native whites, so they concluded to take no part in political contests, but devote their whole time and energies to the cultivation of cotton and corn. They were questioned several times concerning their political opinions, but would, as often, reply that they did not come here to engage in politics, but to cultivate the soil. The rebels were not satisfied with these neutral answers and spotted them as abolitionists. In the fall they harvested their crops, housed them in their barn, and they, with their farming implements, amounted to about five thousand dollars. But the rebels, determined to ruin them if they could, applied a match to the barn, and in less than five hours the fruits of a whole year's toil were reduced to ashes, and the rebels gloated in whiskey the next day over their triumph! The next morning one of the brothers stood on the ashes and told the men who were rejoicing over the affair, that he and his brothers came here as peaceable citizens, not to engage in politics, but to cultivate the soil. They would not change their political sentiments to please them, but they felt at the same time that if their sentiments were known they would breed contention between them and the natives, so they determined to be neutral in expressing themselves. But, said he, this did not satisfy you, and since you have ruined one year's toil with the soil, we have concluded to go into politics as strongly as we did into the cultivation of the soil, and we now publicly avow ourselves not only Republicans but radicals to the full extent of our ability, and now let us see you burn that out. One of them at the following election was elected State Senator, another Sheriff, and the other removed to the western part of the State and continued in farming. And when you noticed the horrible Ku-Klux murder of Sheriff Colgrove in Jones County a few months since, you noticed the murder of one of these young men. The one that settled in the eastern part of the State was also murdered recently, and now only the State Senator, Hon. D. D. Colgrove, is living.

A few weeks since the Ku-Klux outrages in several counties of the State were so rampant that Gov. Holden ordered a company of colored men to them to put them down. It was the only means of putting them down, and it was effective. The presence of colored troops—well armed—in their midst, made the same impression which Gen. Butler and his colored troops made upon the rioters in New York at the election, subsequent to the to the great riot of '63. The loyal papers of the State at first called for a resort to the Courts, but they continued at such a rate that forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and they as loudly called for *immediate* resentment.

Affairs are taking such a turn in this State that at the coming elections the voting of the colored people in several counties will be a mere farce. Their employers, who own the land, have joined in the rebel cry: "Vote as we do or you must starve." Several colored men have said to me that all they want is LAND. Let each head of a family have five, ten, fifteen, or twenty acres of land, and the government will be enriched and the Republican party may safely count on nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand colored voters of the South. This will not only increase the number of colored voters, but will be the means of bringing over hundreds of white voters. I have noticed that where the colored voters are strong and united, the whites come over to them, but where they are weak and suffer, those whites who would otherwise come over, remain neutral. Now it seems that ordinary political sagacity would induce the Republican members of Congress to make some provision for the safety of the colored voters of the South.

How to get land for the colored people here, is a question which, I see, is before the minds of our true friends. We would greatly have preferred some way like Sherman's orders on the Sea Island coast of South Carolina; but since that is now impracticable we hope a Loan bill will be presented not only for the *colored* people of the South, but for the *whites* or for any one who may wish to accept its terms, etc. What the terms, or the manner of the bill should be we leave for wise persons to suggest. But something must assuredly be done, and that *immediately*, or our people will drift back into a state of servitude bordering on slavery. The colored people have stood up bravely for their rights, their voting has been against terrible odds; and the majority of them would die rather than surrender their principles, but we do not wish to die, if there is a way for us to live. Congress has that way in its hands and let it give it to us.

Yours, etc., T. W. CARDOZO.

PETITION.

We commend for immediate, general circulation the following Petition:

To the Forty-first Congress of the United States:

The undersigned respectfully and earnestly ask your honorable body to authorize at once the appointment by the President of a Land Commission, to be composed of well-known, disinterested friends of the freed people, with authority to appoint a limited number of Agents, whose duty it shall be to coöperate with individuals and associations among the hitherto enslaved, for the selection and purchase of eligible lands for homesteads, to hold titles thereof for a given period, until by installments they shall have been paid for at actual cost to the Government, when the money so employed, not to exceed two millions of dollars, shall be refunded to the national treasury.

PERSONAL.

JOHN STUART MILL does not fear evil to this country from Chinese emigration.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay, it is announced, will hereafter reside in Newark, New Jersey.

A California correspondent, in a private note, referring to the Rev. Charles G. Ames says: "He is the one true preacher on this coast and is gaining the devoted affection of the liberal San Franciscans in the same way that Starr King did."

Mr. T. B. Pugh's "Star Course" of lectures in Philadelphia we learn has been thus far a great success. The first series of ten was concluded on Thursday evening of last week by Mr. Phillips, who gave his O'Connell lecture to an immense audience in the Academy of Music. A second series of ten lectures will be commenced January 31st, and end April 7th, including Mr. Emerson, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Phillips for a second lecture, and others well known to the lecture-going public.

Our Boston Correspondence.

NO. CCLVI.

BOSTON, December 19th, 1869.

MRS. DR. BATCHELDER has for several years been a zealous and earnest laborer here in behalf of improved methods of education for the children of the poorer classes. Last evening a meeting of the Boston Social Science Association was called in Chickering's Hall, to hear from her a lecture on "The Neglected Industrial Element in the Boston Schools." A continuance of the rain which had poured all day made the audience a small one; but those who did attend were well repaid by the lecture and the interesting debate that followed.

As a specimen of the improved methods desired, and for three years practised in her own school by Dr. Batchelder, I may mention that, in the department of needle-work, she teaches little girls not merely to sew, but to cut out and fit the simple garments they make.

The meeting was opened by the reading of a paper by Mr. George B. Emerson, the President, on the false principle of emulation cultivated by the prize-medal system in our schools; after which he introduced the lecturer to the audience.

Dr. Batchelder said that, since our Republic considered the people as the State, the right education of that people was of the highest importance, for national as well as individual welfare. The founders of our system made large provision for the instruction of children, but their arrangements were too exclusively for the communication of facts, and failed to cultivate the equally important power of thinking. Our school methods make little attempt to associate thinking with knowing; and the industrial element is left entirely uncultivated. There is especially need that useful activity with the hands should be developed in school-girls, since the self-supporting occupations of women are far fewer than those of men. The skilled labor of women is always in demand, but it exists in very insufficient quantity, while the market is flooded with unskilled labor. To supply this deficiency, the system of early instruction should be materially modified.

Dr. Batchelder pointed out how the habit of looking on mere book-knowledge as education tends to mislead and demoralize the child. The present style of school instruction leads the pupils to regard *knowing* the specified objects of instruction as the only business of their school life, and the memory is cultivated, with little attempt at developing the power of thought. The only direct help given in the schools towards a bread-earning occupation for girls is in preparing them to be teachers; and the high estimate popularly given to this sort of occupation tends to make domestic labor and other forms of handicraft undervalued, if not despised. Nevertheless, only a small proportion of our girls can be teachers, and thus the great majority of them come to the age when some action for their own support is necessary or desirable, with no knowledge of any bread-earning employment, and with a decided disinclination to the handicrafts that might be most available, and, still worse, with scarcely any development of the power of thinking. It is assumed that marriage is the natural destiny of young women; yet even the knowledge indispensable to a prudent and hopeful marriage, the art of conducting or intelligently superintending domestic economy, is learned by but few; and this obvious incapacity is one of the reasons which deter young men from marriage. Those whom they would naturally choose as wives are either intellectually unsuited to companionship with them, or incompetent to take charge of a family, or both.

There was need, Dr. Batchelder said, for intelligent and judicious provision for the necessities of young women, not less than for those of young men. The former needed to think as well as to learn, and to have due provision for the cultivation of the social element, not less than the latter. Much labor and time and money were expended for the latter by the Young Men's Christian Association, and she wished to have something done for the former class, a class equally important in the structure of society. But the necessities of the case must be recognized before any efficient action could be taken.

The lecture being finished, there was some discussion of the thoughts suggested. Hon. Josiah Quincy expressed his approval of the ideas of Dr. Batchelder. Many years ago, when he was Mayor of the city, he had taken great satisfaction in the abolition of the medal system as far as the girl's schools were concerned, and he thought that system should be abolished in all the schools, because he believed it injurious to the pupils both morally and intellectually.

Mr. Emerson also, the President, spoke in favor of the suggestions made by the lecturer. He hoped, however, that any association that might be formed for the benefit of girls and young women would avoid the narrow, unjust and unreasonable policy of the managers of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was genuinely interested in the efforts of all young people for self-improvement, and would be glad to coöperate in them, and give his experience and knowledge as well as his money in aid of them. But the managers of the Y. M. C. A. would not allow or accept his coöperation. They had voted that he was not a Christian, and therefore that he should not join them in labors to increase the public welfare through the improvement of the young men of the city.

Others joined in the discussion of the general subject, and it was said that the Women's Club of this city had in hand a plan to provide rooms where young women could meet in the evening for recreation and instruction, and that a large number of ladies had agreed to take, in turn, the care of supervising this arrangement. Before adjournment, it was agreed that measures should be taken to have this fine discourse repeated before a larger audience.

The last lecture but one in the Parker Fraternity course was given last week by George William Curtis on "Our National Folly, the Civil Service." It was a witty and able exposure of the folly of distributing offices as the rewards of political or rather partisan service, and an earnest plea for a system of competitive examination, so that the person appointed to any public station might have at least one element of fitness for it, which would be a very great improvement upon our present method. The accomplished speaker received earnest attention and frequent applause from a very large audience.

The "Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association," very recently formed, has published its first tract, "The Bible and Woman Suffrage," by John Hooker, Esq., of Hartford. Considering that this eminent lawyer holds firmly the popular faith, and is a thorough believer in the infallibility of Scripture, the following paragraphs from his tract have great significance:—

"I believe that it admits of demonstration, that the passages of Scripture relied upon by the opponents of woman suffrage, conceding all that they claim as to their meaning, and as to the permanency and universality of their application, have nothing to do with the question, and must be ruled out of the discussion for irrelevancy.

I make the attempt to show this not merely in the interest of woman suffrage, but of the Bible as well. The enemy of all good could not do a greater service to the cause of evil than by leading Christian men blindly to interpose the Bible as a barrier against every great social reform, so that when the reform triumphs, it shall seem to the unreflecting mass of men to be, not merely the defeat of the opposers of the reform, but the overthrow of the Bible also. This book is too precious, and a recognition of its authority too important to the world, for its friends and the friends of truth to expose it so unnecessarily to discredit. The Bible can be put to a better use, it cannot be put to a worse, than to be thrown into the street to help form a barricade against every attempt to overthrow old dynasties of wrong."

The ideas of this last paragraph have also an important bearing, it seems to me, upon the now pending question of the Bible in the schools.

Long ago, when I also thoroughly believed in the infallible inspiration of the Bible. I came to the conclusion that the formal daily reading of that book in schools is undesirable, being injurious in its tendency. If the children read it in turn, they make blunders, often of ludicrous character, which are sure to fasten themselves upon the impressible youthful mind, and to be better remembered than any other part of the exercise. If the teacher reads it, it is to the pupils in the great majority of cases a mere formality, and its associations will be far more with feelings of weariness and restraint, than with the useful lessons of either Testament.

Now, however, when the question is whether the immense benefits of our common school system shall be retained for the children of Catholics as well as of Protestants, and whether we shall insist on a matter of detail which, undesirable even on its own merits, affords the ground on which priests can make a *plausible* plea of the attempt of a Protestant nation to interfere with their religion—now, when the agreement of the community in common school education is at stake, the case is clear. There are other provisions for religious instruction. Let Catholics and Protestants arrange, as each may choose, for the administration of this elsewhere, and let the public school be, as it should be, common ground where both can meet freely.

NORTH.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, December 20th, 1869.

THE KENNET SQUARE MEETINGS.

A MEETING called by the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was held on the 15th instant at the above named place, where so many excellent meetings of a similar character have been held in years gone by. It was a gratifying success. Probably you will have no other meeting of the Society to record hereafter, unless it be one to signalize the close of its labors.

On this occasion the meeting was one of pleasing interest. The large number in attendance fully indicated that the old feeling which prevailed in that high-toned neighborhood in behalf of the cause, had neither abated in force nor diminished in enthusiasm. The ever-valued presence of Wendell Phillips was the prominent centre of attraction, and the other speakers were the Rev. John T. Sargent, Aaron M. Powell, Mary Grew and Edward M. Davis. Chandler Darlington presided, and Lucy M. Phillips acted as secretary.

Mary Grew initiated the proceedings by stating the objects of the meeting, and spoke of the high importance of final effort aiming to consummate the ratification of the XVth Amendment. When this is done she supposes that the essential work of the Society will be finished. She called attention to THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD as an important instrumentality to promote this end, remarking that its influence and power in the land it would be difficult for any one to compute. Its need, she believed, was still felt, and she hoped that it would be cordially sustained until the great work be fully accomplished. She appealed beautifully and earnestly to the young men and the young women to devote their energies to the cause that had been so long upheld, asking for generous aid once more in its support. She spoke of the enthusiasm of the people of Chester County

during the many years of anti-slavery struggle, and desired such action to-day in behalf of those who still cry out for help, as will satisfy our own consciences, relinquishing not our labors until their complete freedom shall have been realized.

She was followed by Aaron M. Powell, who also spoke of the XVth Amendment, and the prospect of its ratification, in regard to which we need still to be on the alert. He referred to the deplorable condition of things prevailing in the South, according to the testimony of colored people living there, and stated that oppression in its varied forms was everywhere manifest, and was indeed hard to bear. The freedom of those people is held by a very uncertain tenure, and, in fact, it is yet to be secured. The conditions for securing it, he continued, are better now than formerly, but there is yet a great deal of work to be accomplished, and it remains for conscientious men and women, for those who have a heart to feel and a sense of justice to quicken them, to ask that justice be done, and the rights of this exceptional class among us be guaranteed them. He spoke of the dominant spirit of caste as something yet to be contended with many years before it will be eradicated. The need of homesteads for the landless freed people claimed his attention, and in reference to this important question he presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That we ask Congress to authorize at once the appointment by the President of a Land Commission to be composed of six or more well-known, disinterested friends of the freed people, to serve without compensation, to have authority to appoint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, a limited number of Agents, whose duty it shall be to co-operate with individuals and Associations among the hitherto enslaved for the selection and purchase of eligible lands for homesteads, to hold titles thereof for a given period, until by installments they shall have been paid for at actual cost to the Government, when the money so employed, not to exceed two millions of dollars, shall be refunded to the national treasury.

The Rev. John T. Sargent was the next speaker. In regard to the cruel and inhuman prejudice against color, he asked how far consistent it was with the principles of the Society of Friends, so prominent in this State. Referring to the STANDARD as an indispensable auxiliary in the work yet to be accomplished, he paid a high tribute to its excellence, merit and value, sincerely wishing that we all might give it God-speed, until the time when no man or woman shall be deprived of the rights that fully belong to them.

The inevitable subject of finance then claimed the efficient service of Edward M. Davis, who made his spirited appeal to the audience with tangible and happy results. He thought that the true way to view this question was to feel that we all owe something, and that our contributions are simply the payment of actual indebtedness. He extended his remarks beyond the domain of finance into the realm of homesteads for the colored people of the South, favoring the Resolution that had been offered by Mr. Powell and considering it to be of weighty consequence. We are in duty bound, he said, to see that these colored people have a capital to start with. Justice demands that a compensation be afforded them, and the aim and intention of this Resolution he believed to be of very great and urgent moment. He also had a good word to bestow upon THE STANDARD, heartily endorsing Mr. Sargent's remark concerning its great merit, usefulness and interesting character.

Wendell Phillips then addressed the meeting. He preceded his remarks by the introduction of the following resolutions, which constituted the chief basis of his admirable speech:

Resolved, That the ballot presupposes some public system of education, to fit the people to use it; that one chief cause of the rebellion was the ignorance of the masses, who were therefore easily misled by designing men; hence it is clearly the duty of Congress, in reconstructing the South, to claim that the States shall establish a system of public free schools, and to insist that if any State neglects or refuses to do so, the nation will establish such schools, and tax the State for their support.

Resolved, That we renew our solemn protest against the cruel and inhuman prejudice against color in the workshops, cars, hotels, places of public worship and amusement, libraries, schools, and in civil and social life wherever found, calling on every Christian to discountenance and resist it.

Resolved, That we hail with especial satisfaction the prospect of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, and we urge those States whose regular legislative sessions will not soon be held, to call special sessions at once for action on this question, and secure promptly the incorporation, of this great vital principle in the national Constitution.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Legislature of this State, irrespective of the Fifteenth Amendment, in justice to its own citizens, and for its own honor, to remove the civil and political disabilities which rest here upon the colored race.

His preliminary remarks on the general bearing of the movement in behalf of the negro, and its influence upon the development of American history, with its indirect consequences which never could be measured, were of a highly interesting character. He said that the light by which the young men will study the history of the United States will be that of the Anti-Slavery movement. He never knew the government until he had seen the mob of 1835 in Boston. To have been connected, even in the humblest way, with that movement, is one of the brightest services a man can render his time. He never imagined that he would be engaged as an Abolitionist more than five or six years, or that it would take more than a dozen years to complete the work. But it is more than a lifelong undertaking. Even when we leave it, it will be in a large degree still incomplete.

His remarks upon the disabilities that oppress colored people everywhere were forcible, and he emphatically denounced the practice of asking the colored man to show his capacity, and then of shutting every door in his face. He spoke most eloquently and earnestly respecting the question of caste, and his condemnation of the spirit of prejudice against color was thorough and implacable. He would have public opinion resolve itself into such an authoritive shape, as to doom to absolute civil death any one who should dare to extenuate or breath this race distinction; and he would make it impossible by making the punishment so terrible that no man would dare to sin again. He wants that poison totally eradicated.

Mr. Phillips advocated the establishment of a system of free schools for the colored people of the South. We want this great mass brought within the reach of the press. He would have the negro protected in his labor, his ballot, his education and all that pertains to his freedom. Protect education as well as the tariff. Let the government go as far for a man as it goes for a dollar. We want the system of common school education compulsory on the State. He would have the common schools made better than the private schools, so that they would attract all, and the influences that rain down from the home circle give their combined light. Each boy is a centre of discipline, educating the lad on the next round of the ladder, and dispensing the home influence. The schools should be made so perfect by the government as to educate out all inferior elements.

The force of his remarks on the school system is marred by this abridged and imperfect outline. This portion of his speech commanded especial attention, and seemed to make a deep impression upon the minds of his hearers.

Speaking of the XVth Amendment he remarked that its ratification ought to be pressed as promptly as possible. This he deemed to be of immediate primary consequence. We do not know where we shall be at the next Presidential election. Various questions are coming into prominence which demand attention. If we hold this country where it is with the XVth Amendment, it will be a happy circumstance. Without it we shall drift immensely, and the future will be bound in uncertainty. We must present our strongest front to the country.

The speech of Mr. Phillips commanded the profound attention of the audience, and portions of it were in the highest degree impressive.

O'CONNELL.

In the evening Mr. Phillips delivered his grand lecture on "Daniel O'Connell." The hall was filled, and the audience enjoyed the rare treat with hearty appreciation and delight. On the evening following he gave the same lecture in this city at the Academy of Music, concluding the first series of the great "Star Course." About three thousand people were present on this occasion, relishing the choice entertainment in the spirit of enthusiasm. Mr. Phillips spoke in his best, happiest and most captivating manner.

NEWTOWN—FALLSINGTON.

On Saturday evening at Newtown Mr. Phillips delivered his ever fresh, ever new and attractive lecture on the "Lost Arts." Dismal night—small audience.

At Fallsington he spoke in the afternoon following to a good and appreciative audience who enjoyed the rare opportunity of hearing him. In his excellent speech he included remarks upon agitation and agitators, the questions of to-morrow—temperance, labor and woman, treating these important topics from the standpoint of statesmanship.

W.

MISS HOLLEY AT PETERBORO—GERRIT SMITH AT HOME.

WE are permitted to share with our readers the following interesting letter, though not written for publication, addressed by a friend to Miss Putnam:

PETERBORO, New York, Dec. 13th, 1869.

My Dear C——:—Will you be surprised at my pleasure? I am in the home of *everybody's* friend, Gerrit Smith! and every hour is delightful. I joined Miss Holley at Chittenango. We got here at dark Saturday evening, and a more cordial welcome I never met. Mr. Smith is in fine health. I enjoy his "table talk" exceedingly. Speaking of Hon. Charles Sumner's great lecture upon "Caste," he said he had just written to Mr. Sumner that "If all those who are uplifted and ennobled by reading his speech should write him, he would be buried up in letters, nevertheless he (Mr. Smith) could not refrain writing God bless you."

The only time I ever saw Gerrit Smith was in Olean a year ago, in an open air speech, when the crowd was so large, I only caught one sentence, "The Democratic party was made up of lies and its greatest lie was its name."

It would have done you good, as it did me, to hear Miss Holley's lecture yesterday in the "Free Church" of Peterboro, a plain, unpretending building. It seemed like being out on the frontier somewhere, as it is indeed, a pioneer in the great unexplored region of free thought and Christian union, where Mr. Smith leads the way. Rev. Mr. Bridge opened the meeting with a rarely impressive and earnest prayer. John G. Whittier's beautiful hymn was sung—

"O pure Reformers,
May no lie from throne or altar shake,
Your steady faith in man."

Miss Holley told over the story of your school in Virginia for the poor freed people, in her own simple and eloquent way; and her plea for the rights of the still outcast race in this land was admirable. Owing to the early and continued "unpleasantness" of the day, our audience was not large, but *select*, as the contribution showed—$20. Miss Holley don't agree with Mr. Smith in his tenderness to Jeff Davis. She thinks it misplaced and hurtful to the cause of the hated black race. But Mr. S—— said, her "fine, emotional nature rose up and prevented her seeing the legal aspects of the case."

In the afternoon Miss H—— spoke in the Methodist church.

Mr. Smith is very happy in his own home family worship. I am particularly attracted by his prayers, so different from those I usually hear, not a tumbling out of stereotype phrases, one over the other,—not a burdensome duty—but a fresh, grateful, reverential uprising of the spirit to God. It is good to hear the prayers of one who, we know, will *do* all in his own power to answer them, leaving only to God, that which he can't accomplish himself. Mr. Smith recites whole Psalms and chapters from the Bible. His mind seems stored with all the grand, magnificent passages, and his cheerful, buoyant humor is wonderful after all the trials and life experience of seventy-two years. Some time ago while he was making a public speech, suddenly an Irishman in the audience cried out, "O a great man ye are! may every hair on ye head be a tallow candle to light ye on to Glory!"

This grand old mansion seemes the home of Peace and Love. The quiet colors and soft tints in drawing-room, hall, and bed-chamber, so refined and elegant, compared with the glare and show of most rich men's houses is very agreeable; and usually in such places, the face of the host stares, frowns or smiles at you from bracket, wall, marble and canvas, but our host's is not visible in parlor or hall except he brings it himself. This is a meagre account, but pen and ink cannot do justice to *all* this visit has been to me. Affectionately,

E. J. P.

"SHALL WOMEN BE DOCTORS?"

To the Editor of the Standard:

To this question, which headed an article in the *Tribune*, November 11th, I answer as energetically, as soulfully, and as prayerfully as my heart and head are capable of answering,—Yes, women *shall* be doctors. The late experience in Philadelphia has proved, conclusively, that a sight which to young men suggests vulgarity, sensuality and brutality, can be looked upon by young women calmly, scientifically, nobly. That men may hoot, jeer, and applaud derisively, while women will appreciate purely, and enjoy largely.

When a woman resolves to be a physician, she makes up her mind to conquer any squeamishness which she may have inherited from her sex; and, having Science for her banner, and Philanthropy for her motto, she knows that she has chosen an upright profession, with which she can make an honest living, and in which she has a *right* to be respected. For in being a physician she need lose none of her feminity or attractiveness; on the contrary, she devotes herself to the lives of others, and sets to her fashionable sisters an example of true womanly nobility.

These boys of the Medical Colleges in Philadelphia are possibly excusable, because of their infantile minds—yet indeed this speaks ill for their "bringing up." Such intolerable rudeness can only show that they are are exceedingly ill-bred. They and their conduct would be utterly beneath our notice, were it not for two important considerations. *First*, the sufferings which those women must have silently endured during that disgraceful scene; *second*, the startling fact that these same young men are to become the physicians whom we must employ.

Oh *mirabile dictu! What* doctors! After *this*, what woman who values her sense of modesty, will dare call for assistance upon him who once so grossly insulted her sex. Possibly they did not reflect that in insulting these women, they cast a slur upon their own profession, and their own personal names which shall never be effaced.

What doctors they shall be! Oh deliver us from them all! Men without honor, without courtesy, without purity—*sans* everything that makes a man!

The *Tribune's* "eye-witness" remarks that it was a "novel exhibition." It must have been novel and amusing—just such a beastly entertainment as Bowery boys would delight in; what a pity that the rough-scuff of the city should have been excluded. But what name *can* we find for those *boys* who *were* there? So chivalrous! So scholarly! So eminently contemptible!

Is this malpractice to continue? Are ladies to be always insulted by gentlemen at medical lectures, and are other students in other cities to profit by this unparalleled example?

Will proper, lady-like, well-behaved Philadelphia tolerate such degradation? Ah, *what* doctors, to be sure! And what gallant escorts for pure young girls! Would a mother trust her daughter with one of them? Men who villainously drag before a refined audience the licentious thoughts which would otherwise be hidden under the grand science of knowledge;—men who can be rude and selfish and brutal in the very presence of the most grave and majestic science. Then I say that it is even *fitter* for women to store diseases in the face and successfully combat them, than for men.

These Philadelphia students may live to see the day, God willing, when instead of jostling women from the sidewalk, they shall yield to them the highest place;—shall learn of woman patience, long-suffering and wisdom. Yes, women shall be doctors, and *anything* which shall elevate humanity mentally or physically they shall *do*, and *do well*, so help them God. I have the faith to believe that in the future, nay, even in the *present* women begin to see that it is not necessary for them to contract a loveless marriage for the sake of a home. The noblest minds of England and America are thinking deeply upon this to-be-reform; and all the students in all the colleges cannot jeer away the good time coming.

Possibly the Philadelphia ladies will be compelled to withdraw from such obscene companionship. Then each man's name shall be stigmatized, and I hope and pray that they shall never be received into the society of ladies, but shall work out their own salvation alone. One might have expected all this, years ago, but in the present age, it exhibits a woeful ignorance of progress. The women students, I doubt not, will continue as steadily in the pursuit of knowledge, as if this insane rupture had not occurred. They have truth, purity and justice on their side; and the same determination and ambition which first prompted them to solve the disagreeabilities of nature as well as her charms will enable them to reach the goal in safety.

NEW HAVEN.

BOSTON: THE RADICAL CLUB.

AT the regular meeting of this Association on Monday, the 20th inst., at Mr. Sargent's, a paper was read by Mr. Wasson, the title of which he announced as "Thou Shalt." He wished to inquire into the origin of law and rule.

Law, said Mr. Wasson, is said to come from above; but the experience of men has been with law-givers, not law-makers. Moses was not understood as attempting to impose his individual will upon the Hebrew people, but he spoke as the mouth-piece of a higher power, a power having authority; and his precepts were received with that understanding. Law *should* come from a power superior to any will of man. Right law, right rule, come only from above, said the old adage. Possibly this may mean that such rule should come from the very highest of man's thoughts and powers.

Principles are sovereign. Men are sovereign only as their action conforms itself to and coincides with principle. The political thought not founded on this basis has no just foundation. There is little to choose between the arbitrary sovereignty of A. alone, and that of A. B. C. and the rest of the alphabet. What is reasonable is the thing that should be done. Let us defer to that, and let the universe take the responsibility.

We commonly hear it said, the State exists to express the will of the people. It were better to say, the State exists to express allegiance to what *ought* to be.

To assume as sovereign the true laws of public welfare would be to establish a true republic. No mere human will should be allowed to interfere with this.

Nature always emphasizes quality. She has her science of vegetable chemistry, choosing from the soil what juices shall feed the roots of each plant. She has not less her system of political chemistry. The best quality of means to accomplish the work in hand is what she seeks.

We ought to consider what it is that makes obligation, particularly political obligation. The function of political power is to represent the cogency of facts. The facts should have their just weight, independently of human will. The facts being thus and so, it follows that duty is thus and so. Only the considerate and judicial mind *can* rightly interpret these things; hence, only considerate and judicial minds can properly exercise political functions.

We are all brute beasts, and none the worse for that, so long as the brutish part does not undertake to govern the whole. Brute force should never take the place of the considerate and judging mind.

We hear about each man's knowledge of his own interest. Shall we refer to the prisoner at the bar the question how his interest shall be promoted? His question, and all other questions, should depend on the facts of the case, judged by the *principles* involved. This is what we need, and such a decision we are bound to respect.

Just authority presupposes a *purpose* of such a nature as to command the allegiance of all. Only by conformity to this idea can any man, any body of men, have the right to say, Thou shalt.

Opinions on these subjects would vary with the different definitions of terms. Ideas will differ as to whether happiness is the chief end of life, and thus of government, and indeed as to what happiness is. Mr. Wasson's judgment was, that the happiness founded on mental torpor, or on activity merely in self-indulgence, was disgraceful to the human being; for man, only a worthy happiness is desirable.

Welfare is a qualitative term. To gross, chaotic people, true welfare would be unendurable. But it is true welfare that it is the object of government to sustain. To this only are we bound. Only when government acts in accordance with this, has it any claim on us.

A critical hour has struck for the world. "I make an end of Kings" means—I make an end of instinctive politics, and initiate the politics of reflection. The sophomore year does not last forever.

It may be asked, Where should reform begin?

We should institute a pure authority. Reverence for the *principle* of authority is now only a tradition. To obey what you honor is wholesome and elevating. But power now is simply force. Our managers of politics know not the value of what they handle. We are plainly told that $1,000,000 will carry or defeat any bill in Congress; and yet we sit quietly and say, When the case is bad enough, it will cure itself. Our present doctrine is that *will* should wield power. But much of the will thus exercised is such as no man in his senses can respect.

Our malady has arrived not by retrograding, but by advancing. One advance requires another, and so we go on; but progress is its own betrayer if advanced knowledge and wisdom go not with it.

Mr. Wasson closed his essay by repeating that every man's allegiance is due to the laws of welfare, and that human authority is legitimate only when founded on this idea. Man's "Thou shalt" should be merely the audible echo of what true right affirms.

Before the reading of this essay, I should have said, a little business was transacted, the Committee previously chosen making a report, which was accepted, and an organization in conformity with it adopted. Rev. Dr. Bartol was made the President of the Club, and he was naturally waited for to begin the conversation.

Dr. Bartol declared his allegiance to the higher law, which, he said, had not only existence, but power to execute its decrees, even to the abolition of the lower law. He made here an impressive allusion to the great mistake of Daniel Webster, who had represented this law as too high for jurisdiction of human affairs. We had however seen it descend to judgment, and burn up the slave code which Webster had defended.

Even in a democracy, the higher law has power to set aside an apparent majority and work its own will; and our hope is, in fact, that however any special act of popular will may seem wrong, it is always open to this correction.

The vote expresses not the mere will, but the *mind* of the voter. The more expressions of mind we have, the better; and our vote will be best of all when that of woman is added to it. The safety of popular voting is in that very universality wherein many people suspect danger.

Rev. William H. Channing said that extemporaneous remark on a theme so grand, and so ably treated by the essayist, must needs be insufficient. Also, before commenting on the essay, there was need to know more precisely what the author meant by "will," what by "welfare," and what by "law."

We can find no ultimate source of authority, Mr. Channing said, except Being, personal Being, God himself. Essential goodness is the will that presides over us. We have heard that there is no sanctity in a caucus, and there is a sense in which it is so; nevertheless, we see that God sometimes speaks in the hearts of a whole people. It is on account of this unquestionable fact that I trust in universal suffrage. Also, I expect great benefit from the next step towards getting the voice of humanity as a whole, namely—the voting of women. Let us listen religiously to the voice which God will speak through the heart of woman. If she apprehends this responsibility aright, and uses it aright, she will be to us a prophet, a savior.

Besides reverence for law, we need loving reverence for the source of law, the Being of beings. Keeping this in mind, our best practical rule will be the consenting and combining judgment and conscience of all, including women, and perhaps children.

Mrs. Howe said she had followed the lecture with intense interest, though feeling obliged to make frequent mental protest. Her prominent thought had been well expressed by Mr. Channing. She thought there was something *very* divine about a caucus. She also wished to protest against the application of the word brute to man. His action might sometimes be brutal, but we should distinguish between his accidents and his essence. There had also been reason for the accusation of frivolity among women; but at last the age of doing is come, and women now want not toys, but tools.

Mr. Weiss said he thought the old ideal of the republic the sound one. On the principle of being ruled only by "the best," how are we to *get* the best men? Carlyle never solved this problem. Mr. Wasson has not solved it. Here we are. We must recognize this fact. *We* are the tools of the republic. We, the people, compose the future welfare of the republic.

When the forest has been removed to make way for the wheat-field, superficial equality is the condition of the land. Superficial equality is the true foundation for the future of the human race also. It is this which must gradually refine itself into the staff of life, and produce our ideal harvests.

Mrs. Livermore, of Chicago, being present, was invited to take share in the conversation. She said she could not but agree to Mr. Wasson's representation of the evils of our time, but she could not think our national experience a failure. Our fathers began their experiment under some serious disadvantages. We are not, we have never been, a Republic. We have never had the help of women in the political department, to make things better. A time of far greater promise is coming.

Many are disposed to ask, despondently—will women really help us? They should remember the natural tendency of great crises to develop character. In maternity, the mother is born as well as the child. The mother's heart rises to the new emergency, becoming serious and earnest under the pressure of a great duty. We may expect the same elevation from the delegation of a new trust of political power to women.

I rebelled, as Mrs. Howe did, against the application of the term "brute beast" to man. The brutal is not the predominant part in any human being. But, whatever be the limitations of our present state, hope never soared so high in expectation as to-day. God is coming down to us, as he did in the war. He will not forsake us. Either through the heart and hand of woman, or otherwise, God will lead us forward to a glorious future.

Mrs. Cheney, who spoke next, gave her idea of the intended meaning of some of the emphatic words of Mr. Wasson's essay. She believed in universal suffrage, and would agree to the voting not only as had been suggested, of children, but of the criminals confined in our jails.

We should do well to remember that the only true liberty is the liberty to do right. This also seemed to be Mr. Wasson's idea. There might be agreement in the idea, though a difference of opinion in regard to the application.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell said, In universal suffrage, we are seeking to maintain the sovereignty of right by the sovereignty of the individual. There is no special class to which the governing power can be safely intrusted. The whole people must be admited to express their opinion. The evils we now suffer are the result of class legislation, and the failure to call *all* to the duties and responsibilities of suffrage. Justice can be enacted only by the coöperation of all. Our vicious legislation results from the usurpation of individual rights by government.

Further remarks were made by Messrs. Morse and Allen, and by Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster.

The last speaker, Dr. George B. Loring, said that the utterance of such truths as he had heard here was by no means rare in primary political meetings. There was sound thought and feeling among the common people.

He thought that what had made our men great was their obedience to this great political system under which we were born. This was illustrated by our first President, George Washington, and equally by the last one, Gen. Grant. The obedience of the latter to our purified nationality had been the great characteristic of his administration.

The idea of resisting universal suffrage is utterly hopeless. The masses of the American people support it, and it is the impelling thought of our times. Mr. Loring would agree, he said, to the widest range that could be given *it*. He knew no reason why women should not vote; but they would do well not to forget the responsibility of this act.

In closing, Mr. Loring expressed his agreeable surprise at finding himself, even here, among politicians.

The usual time of adjournment had now come, and after the social greetings of friends from various places, the company separated.

C. K. W.

BOSTON, December 20th, 1869.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AT WORCESTER, MASS.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE Worcester Woman Suffrage Convention organized on the morning of December 14th, with the Hon. HENRY CHAPIN of Worcester for president. The sessions throughout the two days were well attended, and great interest was manifested. Your correspondent was not fortunate enough to be present during the forenoon of the first day, but the names of Lucy Stone and Julia Ward Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Foster among the speakers, are sufficient guarantee of the quality of the entertainment, without direct evidence on my part.

Both Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Stone referred to the first Woman Suffrage Convention, held in Worcester, some twenty years ago. They told how Wendell Phillips, "with his eloquence yet warm upon his lips, came from that Convention to Theodore Parker's house," and they all laughed at him. Parker said to him "Wendell, why make a fool of yourself?" Mr. Phillips replied, "Theodore, you ought to understand it, it is the greatest question of the age." He did understand it in time, but then all laughed save one.

Mrs. Howe contributed this little reminiscence: "Dr. Howe, with sober, persistent philanthropy, heard and answered Mr. Phillips. This reform, he said, was sure to come. It lay inevitably in the future. Ladies and gentlemen, continued the speaker, I am sorry to say that this is not the only time in which my husband's reason has been far ahead of my imagination, in which a few words of his have been wiser than many of mine."

The first speaker in the afternoon was Dr. A. J. Bartholomew, who announced himself as a recent convert.

The President then read the first resolution, and Stephen S. Foster moved an amendment to the effect, that men who sought to withhold the franchise from women were "tyrants and despots," and not merely as the resolution designated them, "inconsistent with Republican principles." Mr. Foster supported his amendment in his usual forcible and energetic manner.

The discussion promised to be lively, but before it became too warm, Mr. Spinning and Mr. Henry Hutchinson were introduced. They were passing through Worcester on their way North, and had kindly consented to favor the Convention with a song.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell then opposed the amendment. He did not believe in denunciation; nor did he think that men were conscious oppressors. When considering the question of the enfranchisement of woman, he said, such was the grandeur of this movement, that it would yet be considered the highest honor to say of any man after his death, "He helped to emancipate woman."

Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, and the Rev. Mr. Shippen opposed the Amendment, but Mr. Foster rallied again to its defence, and Mrs. Foster made a very fine speech on this point. She thought this reluctance to use severe language was manifested in every reform. A Luther and a Melancthon were always found,—and both were needed. Ellery Channing convinced the intellect of the sin of slavery, but Wm. Lloyd Garrison was needed to sting the conscience into action.

Mr. Foster finally withdrew his amendment, expressing himself satisfied with having elicited the discussion. The meeting adjourned after the announcement by Lucy Stone that the Governor of Wyoming had signed the Woman Suffrage bill.

In the evening Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, and the Rev. Mr. Bowles made addresses. Mr. Bowles took the ground that the woman who being able to work effectively outside the domestic circle, refrained from so doing was "guilty before God." Julia Ward Howe read a fine essay. The closing portion of it was especially eloquent. She drew a picture of herself in her youthful days, when a sense of power sometimes rose within her, and visions floated before her young brain, of a time when she might stand before an audience and chain their souls to hers with living words. Over these girlish dreams fell the cold interdict of social custom. A literary career even was proscribed her. That door, after weary struggling, being opened to women, she had felt for Latin, groped for Greek, caught into herself all culture possible to her,—but the great boon of *freedom of speech* was new to her, a woman, and most dearly prized of all.

So the first day closed; and we wended our way to the House called Beautiful to wait the morning hours, and the next day's work.

Mrs. Campbell of Springfield, was the first speaker Wednesday morning. She promises to be in the future, what Lucy Stone says she has been in the past, "an effective worker."

A letter was then read from Wm. Loyd Garrison, and addresses were made by Andrew Jackson Davis, who attacked the attitude of the Evangelical Church towards Woman Suffrage, and by the Rev. Mr. Bowles, who defended it. Mrs. Livermore, of Chicago, made the closing address of the morning, a powerful argument for the extension of the franchise. The principal feature of the afternoon session was a discussion between the Rev. Mr. Richardson of Worcester and Mrs. Livermore. Mr. Foster, [illegible] was very anxious there should be some opposition, had [illegible] suaded Mr. R— to advocate the negative side of the Woman Suffrage question. He said in commencing, that he was not sure, but that he ought to go to jail at once, and give himself up to be hung, and have it done with, for Mr. Blackwell had just said that men in opposition were to be despised, and Mr. Foster called them despots, sneaking rascals, etc. He had always advocated equal wages for women, but he didn't believe in giving them the ballot. It would do no good, and his assertion that it would do none, was just as good as any body else's that it would.

For every Chinaman there would be a Chinese woman to vote. There were more Irish women came to this country than Irishmen. If the ballot were given to women, a large proportion of power would pass into the hands of these ignorant, foreign women. In general, men represented women fairly. They loved and protected women, and did not abuse them. There might be exceptions; but in nineteen twentieths of the families men honestly represented the women, and there was no use in simply doubling the number of voters. It was not a very pleasant thing to vote, anyway. He was willing to give up his vote, if he could be excused.

It would make trouble in families, if women voted, especially in the lower classes. In three fourths of the families in the lower strata of society, there was not, after the honeymoon, one particle of intelligent or moral attachment, to prevent the most ridiculous scenes should the women vote.

Mr. Richardson was frequently interrupted by questions and cries of "no," but he seemed to enjoy the opposition, and with great good nature requested the President to "let the women speak," but "to keep Mr. Foster quiet." Mr. Foster, however, when he made himself heard, said he rose only to insist on order if Mr. Richardson desired it. Mr. R— professed himself perfectly satisfied to be interrupted.

And then when he had finished Mrs. Livermore arose. She brought forward statistics to prove that when women voted intemperance would decrease. She learned from the National Temperance Union that fifty out of every one hundred men used liquor habitually, while only one fortieth of the women of America habitually used it. The wives of drunkards were not such idiots as to vote against prohibition. She knew those lower classes of which Mr. Richardson spoke so slightingly. The misery of women in Chicago had flowed in a never ebbing tide to her door. Women would not stop to tinker at a prohibitory law, but would sweep away intemperance with the besom of destruction.

Mr. Richardson said that in nineteen-twentieths of the families, men correctly represented their wives, and yet made the astounding declaration that in three-fourths of the lower families there would be such "a row" you couldn't live in them if women voted. She didn't know exactly what he meant by the "lower strata" of society.

Mr. Richardson arose and said he was speaking of the drunken men who carry the elections of cities.

Mrs. Livermore replied, "Then in God's name, let there be trouble in those families. Let there be trouble in the families of drunkards. Let us have one grand fight and fight it out."

She told some suggestive stories of her own experience among the poor women of Chicago, of a German woman, wife of a drunkard, who would run out with her apron over her head, as she (Mrs. L——) went down town, and ask her "how soon women would vote," and bid her "hurry and get the vote soon, so they could shut up the whiskey shops,"—of an Irishwoman, who asked her as she bound up the bruises her drunken husband had inflicted, "If women would *ever* vote." Her husband was not a bad man when sober, she said, "but Oh! if they could only shut up the rum holes?"

"The day you open all avenues to labor to women as to men," Mrs. Livermore said, "the day you open the ballot-box, that day licentiousness will receive its death blow. The women who work for twenty-five cents a day, lose body and soul. Would any man dare place himself in their fiery hells.

"Before the war women thought little of politics. A few only concerned themselves in the affairs of the nation, but the storm of the civil war broke suddenly over the great mass. Then, men asked us to do military duty, and we did it. You asked us to give up our husbands and our boys, and we bade them go. Our daughters sent their young husbands and their young lovers,—went with them, to the camp, to the battlefield, to hospital, and came back to us broken-hearted. A million of men, our husbands and sons, went out and came not back. The South is billowy with their graves. We watched and waited at home through those five weary, wasting years, and we studied and thought. As we listened for the click of the telegraph that meant life or death to us, we grew to the stature of men. We cannot go back and be the women we were before."

A lively discussion on the "tyrant and despot" question revived by some of Mr. Richardson's remarks, followed. Rev. Mr. Shippen, Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Vibbert and Mr. Foster participated in it.

In the evening, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn introduced a resolution, and also a memorial to the Legislature protesting against careless management of the finances, the appropriation of public money to educational institutions which refused to admit women, and desiring different arrangements for female criminals, and the appointment of women as trustees and inspectors of institutions which receive women or girls as inmates. He urged the adoption of this memorial in a brief speech, and it was afterwards voted upon and adopted.

Mrs. Howe then read a sprightly able paper written for the occasion.

Lucy Stone discussed the legal disabilities of women in a very earnest speech. Mrs. Bowles of Cambridge, a very earnest speaker, considered the need for women in our jails, prisons and reformatory institutions, and related some of her own experience.

Mrs. Severance read a paper considering the attitude of the Woman Suffrage movement towards the home, seeing no peril in it, but hope for a better future.

Mrs. Emmie A. Lane, a young lady from Lynn, spoke energetically in behalf of the working women in Massachusetts. She thought their condition would be much ameliorated if they had the ballot.

Mrs. Livermore closed the Convention with one of her grandest efforts. She could not quite rejoice at the action of Wyoming, she had so hoped Massachusetts would lead in this movement, it took away a little of the fresh zest with which in her fiftieth year, she had left the West and come East to labor, that Wyoming had snatched this laurel away from the Bay State.

She urged the women to consecrate themselves to this work. Did they know what consecration meant? She learned it in the army, when a hundred and fifty men were called for to lead the forlorn hope in the assault on Vicksburg, and fifteen hundred men volunteered to go. She went among them that night and received the last messages and remembrances, they wished to send home, and learned what consecration meant.

The Convention as a whole was one of the finest ever held. A number of clergymen were present and took part in the deliberations. One minister, came the first day expecting to make a speech in opposition and was converted, and was prominent the next day in the business meeting and on committees to form new societies. A good many Friends were present, among whom were Charles Hadwin and wife, John Milton Earle, and Joseph Cartland and his wife. The Messrs. Earle of Worcester were present, active and interested. It was announced in the Convention that Mrs. Ann B. Earle had been reëlected on the school committee.

L. B. C.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were passed at the Worcester Convention:

Resolved, That as woman in common with man derives the right of self-government, as an element of her moral nature, directly from the Divine Being, and as the ballot is the symbol and guarantee of self-government, and indicates political liberty and equality, they who seek to deprive her of the elective franchise are as inconsistent with Republican principles, as if attempting to disfranchise the weak and defenseless among men.

Resolved, That because we recognize the home to be "the basis of the State," and because we wish woman to become "what God made her," therefore we seek for woman that fullness of freedom and of opportunity, which in elevating her as an individual, must of necessity elevate the family in which, she is sister, wife and mother, and that recognition by the State in the exercise of the franchise, which shall insure her the permanency of all her rights and opportunities, and so help to save the home from its failures and perils. That instead of seeking the overthrow of the home we seek to make the State, after the divine model, a larger home.

Resolved: That this mass Convention called by the N. E. Woman Suffrage Association send greeting and grateful thanks to the Legislature of Wyoming Territory, which has earned the immortal honor of being the first in this country, to recognize and secure the political equality of woman.

Resolved, That this Convention request the executive committee of the New England Woman Suffrage Association, prior to our next State election, to interrogate the candidates of all political parties as to whether, in case of election, they will exert their official influence in form of the enfranchisement of the women of the commonwealth also to use every honorable means to defeat the election of all who fail to respond or who return a negative or evasive answer.

Resolutions were also passed calling for the formation of a Massachusetts State Woman Suffrage Society, and appointing committees to take steps towards forming Worcester City and County Societies.

LITERARY.

Putnam's Monthly for December contains an ably written article on "The Foci of the Social Ellipse," by Prof. Jno. Bascom, which will well repay a careful perusal. It assumes that "Society is neither the product of man nor of woman, but of man and woman," and that there should be no conflict of interests between the sexes. It shows wherein woman has been, and still is, subdued to a position of mean dependence upon man; points out her inequality before the civil law, and her restrictions in education, being excluded from the highest endowed institutions of the land, and generously demands for her more enlarged opportunities." It argues that "every deficiency in the character of woman will be found to play into an answering fault in that of man."

This number contains another instalment of "Leaves from a Publisher's letter-box;" gives the conclusion of the two stories—"Lady Cinella," and the romance of "To-day;" presents Prof. T. B. Maury's version of the "Dumb Guides to the Pole;" and a vigorously written article on "The Unestablished Church," in which Catholicism and its relation to our free school system is discussed. Among the other contributions is a poem by Father Hyacinthe on "Recollections of Childhood," which is given also in English as translated by Lucy Fountain. From the "Table-Talk" we clip the following:

"Were we a critical people, two events of the coming season in literature would be awaited more eagerly than a presidential election: the new Homer by Bryant and the new Essays by Emerson; the mature productions of writers who have passed the time of fever and struggle, and now speak from the calm heights of assured fame. If any man living can make the Iliad a household word in homes of this century, and in the English language of our artificial modern life, it is this New York poet of ours, who so wonderfully unites deep insight into men and nature with the simplicity and the loftiness of spirit which marks the true Epic genius. Emerson is known to all as of our greatest, but is less known still than he will be when real culture is more general. As the most perfect master of the English prose-sentence that ever wrote, and at the same time the most eloquent in these days of those whose eloquence is in thoughts, not words, he will be studied long, and will teach to our children's children—

"Things wiser than were ever said in books,
Except in Shakespeare's wisest tenderness."

SAMUEL J. MAY'S BOOK.

A FRIEND closes a letter to me thus: "I am reading Mr. May's charming 'Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict.' What good and brave souls were stirred up to do battle in that righteous but most unpopular cause!"

It is indeed a very interesting book, partly consisting of history, but mainly of the author's own memories. It carries me back to those exciting times when men's souls were kindled, they knew not how, with living coals from God's own altar. As I read it, I see in the mirror of memory a vision of our good brother May, just as he used to come into our Anti-Slavery meetings, all aglow with faith and hope. I always thought him fitly named; for his face was mild and cheerful as a bright May morning. All those who took part in that great moral conflict will find it pleasant to refresh their memories with this book of "Recollections;" and others will find in it salutary lessons to transmit to posterity.

L. M. C.

[May we not have from Mrs. Child's own pen yet another volume of Anti-Slavery Reminiscences? Who so competent to furnish it?—ED.]

Merry's Museum for December presents its usual variety of pleasant and useful reading for children. Those who have been interested in Miss Alcott's excellent "Old-fashioned Girl," will reluctantly accept the "good-bye" in this number. The announcement, however, that this favorite writer will continue to furnish short stories and sketches is a promise of something just as good in store. The publisher announces also for 1870 a new story called "Battles at Home," by Miss Mary Greanleaf Darling, to begin in the January number and run through the year.

A specimen number of this magazine will be sent free to any one wishing to examine it. Subscribers for 1870, whose names are received before January first, will receive the December number free.

SUNDAY BOOK OF POETRY is the title of a small volume of poems, compiled by C. F. Alexander. Many of the selections are from the English poets, ancient and modern. There are some choice extracts which have been gleaned with care from lengthy pieces, and the book as a whole furnishes pleasant reading for *all* days of the week.

Another volume, uniform in size and binding with this, is called BOOK OF PRAISE. It is composed of sacred poems, compiled from the best English hymn writers, by Roundell Palmer. Sever and Francis are the publishers of both these neatly bound books.

Among the most exquisite of the holiday publications, an elegant specimen of modern book-making, is *The Overture of the Angels*, just issued by J. B. Ford & Co., No 37 Park Row. It is a portion, complete in itself, of Mr. Beecher's forthcoming *Life of Jesus, the Christ*. It is descriptive of the events clustering about the childhood and nativity of Jesus. Beautifully illustrated, richly bound, and faultlessly printed on delicately tinted paper, it is highly creditable to the publishers. It will doubtless be highly prized and eagerly sought as a Christmas book.

Sever & Francis have published a translation of "The Happy Boy," by Björnstjerne Björnson. It is a charming story, healthful in tone, and is told with a simplicity as rare as it is fascinating. It gives pleasant pictures of Norwegian peasant life and interprets, with delicate appreciation the finer feelings of our common nature.

It is nicely bound and presents a likeness of the author, whose writings justly deserve a warm welcome in our country.

RECEIVED.

BEECHER'S SERMONS. Second Series. 466 pp. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE OVERTURE OF ANGELS. By Henry Ward Beecher. 55 pp. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. A metrical translation into English. With introduction and commentaries. By Lord Lytton. 521 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM FEBRUARY TO OCTOBER, MADE AT WORCESTER, MASS.

Stephen Salisbury,	$100.00
L. W. Pond,	50.00
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J. Pickett,	15.00

Miscellaneous Department.

JOHN BROWN—DECEMBER 2, 1869.*

BY EDWARD P. WESTON.

THE Law with iron stroke
  Fell on his head,
And the stern sentence broke,
  "*Hung—until dead!*"

Doomed to the felon's death,
  The hangman's rope—
What then? Failed aught of faith,
  Or heart, or hope?

Nay, by the God he served,
  In wrong or right,
His giant soul was nerved
  With martyr's might.

Calm as a dreaming sage
  He waked or slept,
While history's wondering page
  The record kept.

Words of rare courage fell,
  Marvels of might,
And the prisoned hero's cell
  Shined with the light!

And when in grand array
  The marshaled host
Wheeled into line that day—
  Virginia's boast—

And sword and bayonet
  Gleamed in the sun,
The world shall not forget
  The brave deed done!

One conqueror in that hour
  Commands alone,
Transmuting with strange power
  Gallows to throne!

O! high and royal march
  To take thy crown,
'Neath the o'er-smiling arch
  Which Heaven let down

To light thy martyr's path
  And cheer thy soul,
When man's out-breaking wrath
  Lost Heaven's control.

And the recording pen
  In rock engraved:
"*This day one died for men*
  By men enslaved."

O! mystery of love
  For human loss,
So like to that above
  Which crowned the Cross!

The record which of old
  His history kept
Hath the long ages, told
  How "Jesus wept."

So wept our hero's heart,
  Himself so died;
So lives his name—apart,
  And glorified!

—*Chicago Journal.*

*Ten years ago, this day, John Brown was hung for violating the laws of Virginia. Long ago were fulfilled the words of his own prophesy, that "John Brown hung would do more for the emancipation of the slave, than John Brown alive."

THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

THE PROGRESS OF THE GREAT OPENING CELEBRATION.

PORT SAID, Nov. 16.—Leaving Alexandria at four in the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 15, we were in sight of Port Said at half-past seven Tuesday morning. Perhaps earlier, but it was at half-past seven that I first saw the low coast line, the long ranges of buildings, and the great fleet of ships which are the Port Said of to-day. We were just in time for a beautiful and grand spectacle, to which half the nations of the globe and the four elements contributed their best.

The Aigle, armed steam yacht of the French Empress, had left Alexandria a half hour before us. As she is a fast ship and the Guienne is not, we resigned ourselves to losing the ceremony of her arrival; but it happened that we were just in time. Perhaps it was all the more impressive that we saw the whole from such a distance that it passed before us like a panorama.

THE SPECTACLE OF SHIPS.

Far out to sea as we approached, far beyond our course, and miles away from the harbor, lay two Austrian iron-clads. Half way between them and the heads of the two piers, making out seaward for Port Said, a fleet of ten great ships of war lay anchored. In the harbor itself, another fleet, counting by hundreds instead of tens, and including ships of war and ships of peace; vessels of every nation and every build. These ships, which I thus divide into three squadrons, were dressed every one in dancing flags; flags from stem to stern: flags from deck to main-top, flags from the tops up to the truck, flags from truck to masthead; flags again from stem to flying jib-boom, and up along fore-stay and shrouds. Never were ships so covered with flags. Ships and flags lay waiting. From along the coast line, steaming straight from Alexandria, lying low in the water a sharp, black, three-masted, side-wheel, armed schooner of a couple of thousand tons or so, at half speed, steers for the central squadron. The three squadrons lie in a crescent. Furthest from Port Said and nearest to a vessel coming from the West are the iron-clad Austrians. They begin the salute as the Aigle approaches. The glass shows us the Austrian yards manned, and it needs no glass to see the clouds of white smoke and flashes of fire which dart from the sides of the great ships, and presently clothe the hulls, and then steal up the rigging till the topmost flag is lost in the white wreathing masses, and you see no longer either ships or masts, but clouds clinging to the surface of the sea. The Aigle goes slowly past, the guns cease, the white clouds lift, the Austrians are still there, and the panorama is again complete. For a moment. For the Aigle nears the central squadron, which is a squadron of ten. There are French, Prussian, English, Italian—I know not what else, and the scene of the first squadron of ten repeats itself, broader and grander, and hiding a greater expanse of sea, with the blazing guns and rising clouds of the squadron of ten. And the Aigle goes slowly past. If she returns the salutes, it is from her port guns, which we cannot see, while their smoke, which we might see, is lost in the smoke of the others. It clears, and the bow of the Aigle is turned for the entrance of the harbor. Before she can reach the outmost breakwater the harbor and the ships in the harbor, and the line of long buildings on shore, and the shore itself, have vailed and covered themselves before the approaching ship. The sky has come down to the sea, and the Aigle plunges into the white obscurity, and is lost for the third time from sight. Only the summit of the light-house, standing on one side of the harbor, is still visible, sole pilot to the entering ship. Again the smoke lifts, and the brilliant spectacle of sea and harbor and ships unrolls itself once more.

PORT SAID AND ITS HARBOR.

It is not easy to conceive in a moment the vastness of the preparations for the festival that begins to-day; or rather, let me say, the vastness of the work of which the ceremonies this week are meant to be only a kind of hint or symbol. To begin to understand the Port Said of to-day, look at the Port Said of ten years since. For engineering reasons, this spot was pitched upon for the northern entrance to the Canal. One of the earliest visitors in April, 1859, says, in a letter before me: "Imagine a belt of sand from 100 to 150 yards wide, scarcely above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, which bathes it on the north, and of the Lake Menzaleh, which does as much on the south. If the weather is the least bad, the waves cover this wretched strip, sometimes from one side, sometimes from the other. Its sole sources of supply are Alexandria, two days' journey distant, inaccessible if the wind blows hard; and Damiette, forty miles off, equally unapproachable in a gale. Nothing more!" And ships of a moderate draught had to anchor three miles out to sea for want of water to approach nearer.

That was the Port Said of 1859. To-day the strip of sand upholds a thriving town laid out in streets and squares, and within its harbor huge three-deckers from all the navies in Europe lie safely beside the great vessels conveying through the Mediterranean the cargoes and passengers from India. Whatever may have been done or left undone along the interior line of the canal to Suez, it is the simple fact that here at its beginning, the promised work has been well and completely accomplished. The two piers of the breakwater project, one 2,700, the other 1,800, yards into the sea. The access by them to the interior harbor is safe and easy. Where only a coasting brig could anchor in 1859, to-day ships drawing twenty feet and more sail in with keels free from the bottom. The dredging out of the basin leaves nothing to be done. It is vain to try to count the multitude of vessels that have entered the harbor before us. That they are there is the bodily verification of the work achieved at Port Said.

ABOUT TO ENTER THE CANAL.

The Guienne steams slowly in. We are still in the same state of uncertainty what we are to do, where we may go, where we *can* go, and what place belongs to our ship and to us in the festival to come. We are guests of the Viceroy, the Guienne is under his charter, but she is a big ship. Can she enter? Can she go through the canal? Or are we about to be transhipped into a smaller craft—we and our luggage which once already has been fished up out of the hold for the debarkation at Alexandria, which we did not after all have to make. Other ships are showing us the way, but while we are looking eagerly to follow, down goes the anchor of the Guienne, and there we are, just outside the promised land. Before we have time to scold much about it, the signal for a pilot is aloft, and our captain—who is by no means a Mephistophiles, but tells us all the truth he knows—pledges his word we shall go in soon as the pilot comes to point out our berth. Meantime the Delta slips past, a Peninsular and Oriental ship, filled with excursionists, on whom we look down with due contempt as people who have paid their passage, and have no rights which we, as guests, are bound to respect. The Thabor follows, first of the Messageries Imperiales new through line from Marseilles *via* the canal to Bombay. With characteristic prudence, as we note, the Company has picked out one of its smallest craft for the first experiment. Then comes an Italian steamer, the Sicilia, of Genoa, with her crowd of passengers breakfasting *al fresco* on deck under an awning—charming example, which we vainly hope our ship will follow. But, at any rate, we follow the ship. Our anchor is up again, the wheels revolve once more; in five minutes we are inside the enchanted waters. Not precisely inside the canal, which properly begins with the lake and not with the basin, which is the *debouchement* of the canal into the Mediterranean, its enlargement forming the harbor of Port Said. The two piers are not parallel, but form a kind of trapezium, irregular in shape, and having an extreme breadth of perhaps 1,000 yards. It may be more. One could not be at the pains of judging distances accurately, in the midst of the dazzling splendors which encompassed us.

M. DE LESSEP'S CONJURATION.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has in truth the magician's art. He knows how to possess himself of the senses of his spectators before the process of incantation begins. I care not whether you be high official, or savan, or engineer, or journalist, you shall not resist the magical charm of the scene which the art of M. de Lesseps has conjured up before you. The art of M. de Lesseps? Yes, and more than the art. The grandeur of conception, the miraculous energy, the steadfast patience, the belief of the man all through the years when the world, at first hopeful, grew faithless; his resource, his skill in dealing with men, his endless ingenuities in baffling difficulties whether mechanical or financial, or sometimes gravest of all, political—these high qualities and talents and achievements do now surely mark Ferdinand de Lesseps as one of the three or four men who in dealing with great physical problems have left or are to leave their lasting stamp and signature on the earth. Cyrus Field is one. Him John Bright dexterously baptized the Columbus of the nineteenth century. I leave it to Mr. Bright or some other fit person to stand godfather to Lesseps with some title equally apt and well deserved. At any rate to some person who has time, and who is not writing against time to catch a mail to Europe, after a day of incessant excitements. I know not who is the man standing in the same relation to the Pacific Railway in which Field stands to the Atlantic Telegraph and Lesseps stands to the Suez Canal. But if there be such a man; they three are a trio hard to match in any one century.

For you may as well accept the great fact here on the threshold. We are not in the canal, but we know the canal is essentially a success. It has kept, or will soon keep, its great promises to mankind. Whether at this moment of its inauguration, it is complete throughout, is a question—or rather it is admitted by M. Lesseps that it is not a question. Much remains to be done. The ceremony has come a little too soon—fault of miscalculation partly; fault partly, also, of something worse than miscalculation, thinks Lesseps. Before we reached Port Said we have heard a hundred rumors on the condition of the canal. It is a matter on which I must write more hereafter. At this moment they reduce themselves to this positive affirmation of M. Lesseps himself, viz.: that any ship now lying in the basin of Port Said, may enter the canal to-morrow, and pass through as far as Ismailia, where the second day's fêtes occur. Beyond Ismailia no ship drawing more than 15 feet will pass this week. How this happens I will explain by-and-by; now, once more to the work of to-day, which is as much as I can hope to get into this letter.

The piers are built of oblong blocks of artificial stone. What they may be under water I don't know; but above, the great stones are tumbled together in most admired disorder. Evidently, says a lively Frenchman at my elbow on the bridge of the Guienne, the piers are not for promenades, the wit of which remark requires a knowledge of the piers at Brighton, for instance, to appreciate. That is to come—will come, beyond doubt, when Port Said becomes a fashionable watering-place, for which it has plenty of adaptations already. May one judge of the climate by a single day? It is intoxicating. The sun shines down upon you with a fierce heat, strikes through to the brain, almost, if you are not careful about head-gear. But the breeze blows cool at the same moment, fresh from the Mediterranean, fresh as if from Alpine snows in summer. I only know we have been all day in the air, and our hundred and fifty passengers came in at night without a trace of fatigue. It is awful, the heat in summer; but during the winter months I believe all the world agrees the climate of Egypt, above all on the coast, is perfection.

SQUADRONS AND BROADSIDES.

The throng of ships inside the piers is so dense that we begin to wonder where the Guienne is to find her berth. I do not know that ever before I have experienced the sensation of sailing through an avenue of frigates. It was immensely impressive. Ranged on either side, and clinging fast to the quays to leave us room, were a score of great ships-of-war, every ship covered with flags, every yard covered with men, every port with its gun leveled and run out, and somehow they were all levelled at us. I have not been able to understand all day long the Egyptian theory of salutes. Much less do I know whether anybody saluted the Guienne and her freight of invited guests. Very likely the same thing would have happened if any other ship had floated by. It happened before we passed and it happened after we had passed, and at intervals it went on all the day. The saluting went on. The broadsides of a score of ships, Prussian, French, Austrian, Dutch, Egyptian, pointed straight at us as we passed up this matchless sentinel-line. One and all they blazed and boomed out their welcome, whether to us or another. The mouths of the guns were often but a boat's length from the sides of the Guienne, but they did not spare us for that. We passed on under a canopy of smoke and amid a roar of cannon that only wanted the sound of shot and of crashing timbers and of shrieking men to make it a battle. Somehow, a gun never seems fired in earnest unless you hear that clang with which the shot leaves its mouth—a very different sound from the sound of a blank cartridge; the meaning of it is also different. But the joy was earnest enough to-day. The crews of the ships put aside the look of *blasé* indifference, not to say contempt, which marks the true man-of-war's man in his relations with the rest of the world. They were as much interested as we. And there were crews such as one seldom sees; swarthy fellows, with clean-cut faces and white turbans, Egyptian all of them. Of Egyptian ships there were, I suppose, none missing. The Viceroy has done his best to honor his guests, and for the credit of his navy. In the maze I have not counted them, but their number is considerable, and ships and crews have a seamanlike look. The Dutchmen looked smarter that one would have thought—more like the great Dutchmen of other days than the sons of the country which Voltaire described in those three merciless words: *canaux, canards, canaille.* But when we saw the Dutchmen on shore in the procession, somehow the words of Voltaire came into my mind. I pray the Knickerbockers to pardon the quotation. The Prussians were better, much better, a trifle too stiff and trim and martinet-like, but the North-German blood has the sailor element in it, beyond doubt; and Prussia is to have a navy of which what she sends to-day is but a scant specimen. They fired into our cabin windows with a coolness that would have done credit to the most veteran navy, if that be any comfort to them. And there were French and English, of course. All the world knows what they are like.

THE AMERICAN REPRESENTATION.

But the Americans? Alas, we looked in vain on the water for the American flag. I looked for it long, looked on big ships and little, frigates and vessels of freight, but no ship that floated, none that I or any of us could see, bore the stars and stripes. We found them at last, floating bravely out—on shore! A plaster hut, dignified by the shield of a Vice-Consulate of the United States, over which floated a flag that left nothing to be desired in point of size—that was what stood for the maritime power of the Republic. The Powers of Europe had taken pride in sending the élite of their navies, not only to represent them in a great world-festival, but to vie with each other in the eyes of all. The Power that pretends to rival the best of them takes pride in sending a Vice-Consul's flag! I believe there are few Americans who will not regret such a mistake. How did it happen?

Useless to repeat that we have rumors of all sorts. Rumors breed in Egypt like locusts. The real truth I heard in detail from Mr. Hale, our Consul-General in Alexandria, after having sought it in vain from others. For on the 9th I had seen the Franklin at Marseilles, six days only from Port Said. The rest of Admiral Radford's squadron was in the same port, and I could not believe that not one ship could be spared to go to the Suez inauguration. A squadron is useful in the Mediterranean, if it has any use, to impress a sense of the force of the Republic on people with whom we have dealings. That service it could have done nowhere so well this week as at Port Said. The failure to do it seems to have been due to a kind of ignorant indifference at Washington, anything but creditable to the naval authorities there.

For President Grant was duly invited, and duly answered his invitation, expressing his regret that the laws and usages of his country did not permit the sending of a special envoy to represent him on such an occasion, without the previous authorization of Congress. As Congress was not in session nothing could be done. Nothing could have been added to this except an intimation that the Admiral in command of our Mediterranean fleet would be directed to send one or more vessels to Port Said. It is impossible to say why so simple a thing was not done. Somehow, it is always the simple things that get left undone. The President was not careless of forms, for he answered the Khédive in his own hand. The Khédive could do no more than he had done. He invites princes and presidents, but not admirals. The chief of our squadron, Admiral Radford was well enough aware that one of his vessels ought to be in Port Said on the 16th, but he waited orders. No orders came. There is the Atlantic Cable, and ten words to Washington would surely have brought the required instruction. But the Admiral did not think it his duty to telegraph to Washington for such orders. Beyond doubt, he had authority to send a ship without orders, but he declined to take the responsibility. The human race may be divided into those who will take responsibilities, and those who will not. Unluckily, those who will not are out of all proportion to those who will, and more unluckily still the Admiral has to be classed with the former. There was Commodore John Rodgers in command of the Franklin. He has the reputation of being one of the other kind. I almost wonder he did not run off with his ship for the credit of the service. I heartily wish he had; he would have earned a step. But there is no help for it. The hour came and not the man, as only too often before. Mr. Hale, Consul-General and sole representative of his Government, has not so much as a row-boat on which to hoist his flag. He is among the guests, as I am, and perhaps fifty other Americans equally powerless. Gen. Banks is here, under Russian colors, arriving from Odessa in a frigate, if I rightly understood him. Who the rest of the fifty may be I have little notion. Mr. Ruggles, for one, I have heard of, and three or four journalists I have seen. The journalists are, I doubt not, considerably more useful than ships, but for the moment they are less impressive to the imagination.

THE SCENE OF CELEBRATION.

Through all the cannonade the Guienne steered safely into her berth—only the cabin windows broken. It was near noon. The day's ceremony was to begin at three—a ceremony of the 16th, and not of the 17th, but the true beginning of the inauguration. Being a religious people, it seemed to the Turks that they would do well to begin with prayers. On common days they have them—how many times is it, five? Then to-day there would be six. And we had Port Said to explore, the whole of this new world to see. I will confess that for my part I saw little of the town except so much of it as French Empress-worship has christened Quai Eugénie. On the side of the sea the long barrack-like buildings stretch for perhaps three-quarters of a mile. A plank causeway covers the deep, soft sand. The shore is some hundreds of yards distant. Between the buildings and shore are sand and pools of water. Landing at a wooden quay, you pass under a gaily painted arch. Flags everywhere. All along the causeway, all about the encampment at the end where two Egyptian battallions are dwelling in tents, and all on the roofs of the houses rise poles, crescent-topped, from which hang oriflammes in many hues, and many of a light gauze, the effect of which is delicate and graceful in the extreme. Midway and midway also between buildings and the sea rests the group of three pavilions where to-day's ceremony is to be performed. Over each a cluster of flags, the crescent always in the centre, and always surmounting every decoration.

The central kiosque is carpeted, and filled with divans and gilt chairs, looking as if they had come from the opera house in Paris, but which in fact came from the Viceroy's yacht. The other two kiosques—if that be a proper name—are in rear of the centre, further toward the sea. That to the right is a mosque, extemporised for the day. That to the left is a catholic chapel, equally extemporised, and, oddly enough, the crescent on *its* top also. The architecture does not seem precisely Oriental; might be described as of the gilt-gingerbread sort; and if you had any doubt of its Parisian origin, the doubt disappears at the sight of the myriad Chinese lanterns. This is not yet the true East. Only sea, and air, and sun are of the Orient. Marseilles and Paris, and the navy-yards of Europe, have contributed the rest. All the same, the effect, if a little theatrical, is brilliant, and the ornaments which are to serve but for a day need not be solid.

EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS.

Port Said itself is solid enough. Holds 8,000 people and more, they say. The barracks are not barracks, but buildings much more useful—workshops, offices, storehouses, warehouses, hotels, restaurants, casinos; the largest building of all fronting the basin is the great office of the administration of the Canal Company. The material is wood, concrete, and plaster; no attempt in these at display, and few or none more than two stories in hight. A plain, business-like looking place, in common times, one would say. To-day it is not easy to tell which is real and which will disappear to-morrow.

There was not time to see the real wonders of Port Said, which has something better than painted Maypoles and paper lanterns to show. The world has few more wonderful workshops than this is, or was, for here is the place where the great engines and machines of all sorts have been either made or put together on arriving from Europe. None of these I saw. With some friends I wandered up and down the causeway till the crowd began to thicken and the time for the procession drew near. The two Egyptian battalions marched down the causeway from their camp, and took post in single file on either side lining the path by which the great people were to approach. They looked like good serviceable troops, not much in the Hyde Park or Champ de Mars style, but tough fellows who could march far on a hot day. Their drill was only moderate, their arms rather carelessly kept, and in anything but first-rate order. They wore the fez, blue or gray jackets with red facings and loose red trowsers and gaiters. Of muskets I saw three or four different patterns in the two battalions, which would be awkward in a fight. On the shore, to the right of the pavillions, a field battery had unlimbered and waited. More picturesque and motley than all was the crowd of spectators, the endless variety of costumes and faces, the novel fabrics, the brilliant colors of such depth and contrast as no painter dare copy. Priests in flowing black, high Egyptians in a blaze of embroidery, a troop of children in white and blue mounting the central steps, the beggars' rags, and the last fashions from Paris. Before long the uniforms began to arrive to complete the scene.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

At a quarter to three the salutes from the frigates recommenced, and were echoed back from the battery on shore. Straining our eyes toward the arch we could see the head of a procession advancing up the causeway. The guns thundered, the yards of the ships of war were manned, the troops presented arms. A parasol and silk dress were seen in the centre of a glittering throng, and the cry ran along the line, "*L'Impératrice.*" Unhappily for the impatient enthusiasm of the crowd, it proved to be the Princess of Holland, a blonde, wholly unlike the French Empress, who is a brunette, and thought handsome,—formerly. The Princess, with her cortége of Dutchmen in orange cockades, passed on and mounted the tribune. Five minutes later came a troop of English naval officers, then Spanish, then more English, the procession splitting itself into sections, and the real great people not yet coming. Twenty minutes had elapsed. The shore battery grew tired of saluting, the troops more tired of presenting arms, and our party tired of standing on chairs to watch a lot of walking uniforms.

But we had not long to wait. In five minutes more the guns opened fire once more, shore again answering to ship, and this time there was no mistake. A big Turk, with a dangerous sabre, came swinging up the planks, clearing away an imaginary crowd between the two lines of red-trowsered troops. We climbed upon our chairs. Sundry functionaries at the head of the procession half hid the Empress, but she was there. She walked, leaning on the arm of the Emperor of Austria, the Empress in lavender silk and a black velvet hat, with black feathers and lace—if you care to know that fact. With them came the Viceroy, a stout gentleman with a good-natured countenance, and too much gold lace. The Crown Prince of Prussia came next, and then more people than there is room to mention. Pashas, Generals, Admirals, Embassadors, Ministers, Consuls—I know not who else.

IMPERIAL GUESTS—BLESSING THE CANAL.

They ascended the Pavilion whither the Moslem Tokkes and Ulemas on one side, and on the other the Catholic Archbishop of Alexandria and his priests, had preceded them. The crowd thronged after. On the front bench of the tribune, facing the sea and the chapels, sat the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of the French, and the Khédive, in the order I have named, from left to right. Emperor and Prince bared their heads; the Khédive kept on his fez. Last time I saw the Crown Prince of Prussia, in 1866, he was riding up the Unter den Linden of Berlin at the head of the Berlin and Potsdam garrisons, 50,000 strong, returning victorious from Sadowa. Now he sat peacefully enough by the side of the man whom in '66 he helped—more or less—to beat. Personally, he is said to be on as good terms with his old enemy as he is on ill with Bismarck. A well-meaning man, with no great force of intellect or character. Drifted along with the crowd, I had found myself, without knowing how, in the central pavilion, and stood within ten feet of this front imperial row.

The Emperor's head and face show all the obstinacy for which he is famous, the forehead narrow and receding into a cone, the features without nobility, the moustache remarkable. Bystanders said the Empress of the French was looking well—I thought very pale and sad, and with scarcely more than the remains of her great beauty. It is an open secret that she as well as her husband is ill with a harassing and painful disease.

The ceremony began with prayers from the Moslems, very modest and simple in contrast with the Catholic service that followed. The two religions were in closer contact than common, Catholic and Moslem blessing the canal, and not impossibly cursing each other with the same breath. Then came a speech, in French, from Mgr. Bauer, a converted Hungarian Jew, now a protegé of the Empress, and part of her suite. The speech was filled with such commonplaces as you can readily supply by guess—the East and the West saluting, the two civilizations brought near to each other, the marvelous energy that has done all that. Monseigneur Bauer stood so far off that I hope he did not see the bored expression that reigned on the faces of all about me. A few more prostrations of the priests brought the business to an end. The Princes got up a little hostility, the procession re-formed, the salutes recommenced, and the first scene of the inauguration ended. The day closed with a universal illumination of buildings and ships, novel and brilliant beyond comparison. Nothing had gone wrong, or broken down, or disappointed expectation. I can remember few days so filled with splendid hours, few scenes that will live longer in the memory. It is only the prologue to the programme of the actual opening and inauguration which begins to-morrow. G. W. S.

—*Foreign Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.*

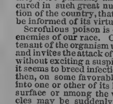
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